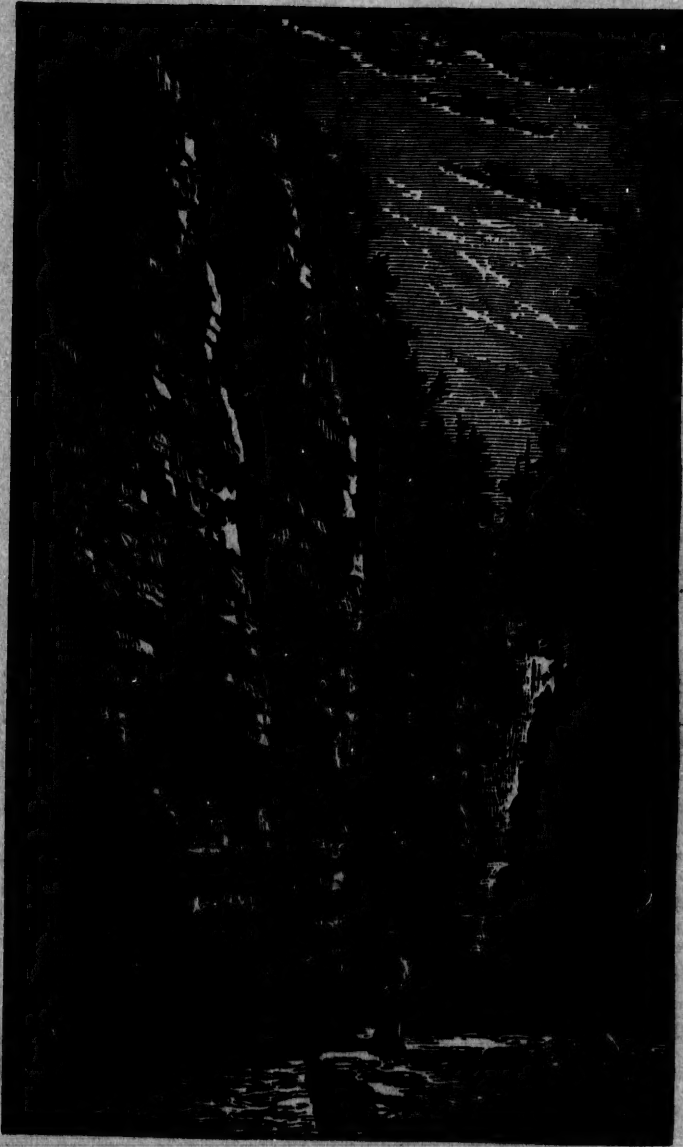




Ausable Chasm, looking up stream from Table Rock.

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DESCRIPTIVE
AND
HISTORICAL GUIDE
TO THE
Valley of Lake Champlain
AND
THE ADIRONDACKS.

BIBLIOTHEQUE
SAINT-LOUIS

2 maps.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Publisher, in issuing this volume, indulges in a confidence that he is supplying a want universally felt by the travelling public. Most of the books which have appeared, purporting to be "Guides" to the territory attempted to be described in the following pages, have scarcely possessed a higher character than is formed by a bald catalogue of names and distances, and those often inaccurately stated, with vague and unsatisfactory glances at objects of historical or traditional interest.

The plan of the work now offered to the public, is clearly indicated by its title, "A descriptive and Historical Guide to the Valley of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks." The author has devoted the most careful study and laborious researches to accomplish this idea, and with what success the reader must determine.

The work will be found, the publisher believes, to embrace an ample, though compressed account of all the thrilling events which have rendered Lake George and Champlain so illustrious. The tourist, traversing these waters, with this volume in his hand, will readily identify every locality, and be able to trace the scenes of all the memorable incidents. Every spot associated with the recollection of other times, or attractive by position or natural beauty, is minutely described. The routes of the steamers upon these lakes, and the lines of railroads from Whitehall to Rutland, and thence to Burlington, St. Albans and Ogdensburgh, are pursued in an imaginary tour, which is illustrated by a full description of the country, its villages, objects of attraction and physical geography: lateral points of interest, accessible from the roads—as Lake Dunmore, Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield, and the mineral springs of Vermont and Massena are specially noticed. Numerous important localities, to those in pursuit of pleasure or investigation, on the Ogdensburgh road, which have hitherto scarcely been alluded to, are carefully pointed out.

A large part of the volume is devoted to an account of the wonderful district embraced in the "Northern Wilderness," and enveloped by the Adirondacks: the huge mountains, the rivers, the beautiful lakes, the sylvan ponds, the sporting grounds, are all minutely described; the world famed Au Sable Chasm, the Indian and Hunter's Pass, Wilmington Notch, and every other of the extraordinary natural phenomena, are portrayed, and in most cases from personal observations.

The various avenues to the Wilderness are explained with precision, and impartially, in order to enable the visitor to select his own route, guided by reliable information, satisfactorily. The distances of places, both on the lakes and railroads are accurately stated. It is the aim of the volume to present the facilities afforded by every route of travel, and to furnish the traveller with a directory of the names and location of all the prominent hotels, taverns, boarding houses and other resorts, in every section embraced in the scope of the work.

In a word, the publisher announces a "Guide Book," which is calculated to interest the student of history, and to illustrate to every intelligent tourist one of the most attractive districts of the country, equally in its reminiscences, and in its physical grandeur and loveliness; that will direct him in the pursuit of these unsurpassed natural beauties, and to point out the localities which will best administer to his comfort and amusement. The numerous illustrations presented in the volume will largely enhance its value and interest to the tourist, while the cost of the maps it contains, by separate purchase, would be equal to the price of the work.

Notwithstanding the great care and labor which has been exercised, the publisher cannot hope that the work has wholly escaped errors or omissions; he will gratefully receive any advice of such blemishes, and gives an assurance that they shall be corrected in a subsequent edition. He ventures to call the attention of the public to the important advertisements in the appendix.

LAKE GEORGE.

ALTHOUGH the scope indicated by the title we have adopted, does not distinctly embrace the environs of this beautiful lake, it is too intimately associated with the Champlain Valley, both by geographical relations and historical recollections, to justify its omission. The tourist has from an early period been attracted to the region, by the exquisite and varied beauty of its scenery, and its stern and solemn grandeur; by its traditions and history, and the pathos shed around it by poetic genius. The lake was distinguished in the varied Indian dialects by different names. The Iroquois called it Andiatar-octe, "the lake that shuts itself in": by other Tribes it was named, Canidere-oit, "the tail of the lake." Father Jaques, traversing it in 1646, during the festival of Corpus Christi, designated it St. Sacrament, or the lake of the Blessed Sacrament. Sir William Johnson, in 1755, with the inspiration of loyalty, rather than the suggestion of taste, gave it the still recognized name of Lake George. Horicon, although redolent with beauty and a name most appropriate and desirable, seems to be a pure poetical fancy.

Lake George is thirty-six miles long and from one to three wide. Along almost its whole course it is enclosed by a dark frame work of mountain barriers. This sierra frequently shuts in the waters by nearly vertical walls, occasionally projecting lofty promontories and acute points into the lake, and now embracing little glens slumbering along the shores. The peaks are not high, but broken, and present a wild and continuous undulation like the waves of a heaving ocean. Innumerable islands, varied in form and aspect gem the surface and relieve

Father
Jaques

the monotony of the scene. The water is deep and singularly pure and transparent. Fish gamboling in its depths, and shining particles on the gravelly bottom, may be discerned many feet beneath the surface. When the traveller contemplates the profound seclusion and the calm repose that now rest upon the lake, he can scarcely conceive that its deep tranquility has ever been broken by the fierce passions of war; and yet almost every section of its shores has been rendered memorable by some important or thrilling military event. Its nearly inaccessible mountain ramparts, in another age, were traversed by armed legions and hordes of savage warriors, while in summer its clear waters wafted the Indian war canoe, and vast naval flotillas of civilized nations, and in the season of frosts its icy surface formed a secure and ready avenue for the march of armies. In March, 1756, Vaudrui^l, availing himself of this extraordinary pathway, marched with one thousand five hundred men from Ticonderoga on snow shoes, with the design of surprising Fort William Henry, but foiled by the vigilance and skill of John Stark, the future conqueror of Bennington, he retreated upon the ice. The reflection of a brilliant vernal sun from the dazzling snow caused a temporary blindness in a large part of the troops, who in this helpless condition could pursue their march only by the aid of their comrades.

Passing over many unimportant, although thrilling incidents, we propose to limit our narrative to a brief notice of a few events, the magnitude and results of which have imparted to the region a deep and enduring interest. In the summer of 1755, Gen. Johnson reached the head of Lake George with about three thousand four hundred Provincial

troops, the advance of an army designed for an attack of the French forts on Lake Champlain. Baron Dieskau, a German officer of high distinction, in the service of France, on the 4th of September proceeded from Ticonderoga with a force composed of six hundred Canadians, six hundred Indians and three hundred regulars, in bateaux, up Wood Creek, and traversing the spacious, but shallow waters of South Bay, left his boats at its head, penetrated through a wilderness of rocks, morasses and forests, often crossing streams in Indian file upon a log, with the purpose of occupying Johnson's communications, by the capture of Fort Edward. On reaching the military road, which Johnson had constructed, he discovered that his guides, either in ignorance or treachery, had wandered from the intended course, and that he was within a few miles of the camp of Johnson. His inconstant red allies now refused to proceed to the attack of Fort Edward, but professed a desire to assail the British camp. While Dieskau was preparing to indulge this caprice, he was informed of the near approach of a detachment of the English. Johnson heard of the advance of the French with equal surprise and alarm for the safety of the feeble garrison and all important supplies at Fort Edward. He immediately ordered Col. Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams' College, to march with one thousand men, supported by Hendrick, the venerable Mohawk Sachem, with two hundred savages, to the relief of the fort. Williams was a brave but inexperienced leader. Hendrick was remarkable for his military qualities and his surpassing savage eloquence. Dieskau, with promptitude and skill, had arranged an ambush shrouded by rocks and bushes on either side of the road. The Provincials entered

Vanderkirk

into this valley of death, and their destruction appeared inevitable, when some Seneca Indians, living in Canada, arose from their covert, and discerning from their emblems the presence of the Mohawks, fired in the air, and thus by an unpremeditated treachery revealed the ambush. Their fraternal affection towards a band of the Iroquois, was superior to their fealty to France. A fierce conflict ensued. Tradition has marked the rock, now the base of his monument, where early in the action Williams fell. The heroic Hendrick was slain about the same time by the thrust of a bayonet. The detachment fled in disorder, but were rallied by Col. Whiting, near a small pool, and the legend runs, that the dead who fell in the second fight were cast into its waters, and gave to it, the name of Bloody Pond. It was the purpose of Dieskau to rapidly follow the fugitives and precipitate himself upon the camp of Johnson. The design, which would have achieved a brilliant victory, was delayed by the hesitancy of the Indians, and the sullen insubordination of the Canadians. This incident gave to the Provincials the necessary time to construct a rude breastwork formed by their wagons and fallen trees. Dieskau, with his veterans, courageously advanced to the assault. The severest and most bloody battle followed, that the wilds of the new world had ever witnessed. Dieskau, a third and fourth time, hurled his devoted Frenchmen upon the impenetrable works. The enthusiastic Provincials, at length, leaping over the entrenchments, opposed their reversed hunting guns to the glittering bayonets. Dieskau, thrice wounded, was taken prisoner, and the fragments of his army, totally overwhelmed, fled to the forest and morasses. A party of three hundred, pausing for a brief rest,

were surprised by a small detachment of Provincials and again routed and dispersed. Johnson was wounded early in the severe battle, which was won by the valor of the troops, guided by the intrepidity and skill of Lyman of Massachusetts. With a singular absence of magnanimity, the name of Lyman did not appear in the official report. To himself, Johnson arrogated the glory of the great victory, and the royal acknowledgment he received, was a Baronetcy with a grant of £5,000. The French sustained a loss of nearly five hundred men, and the Provincials and Mohawks one hundred loss. Americans will always view the scene of the victory with no ordinary emotion, for on this field the yeomanry of the colonies, led by their own citizens, first met and vanquished the trained legions of Europe. Dieskau, bleeding and faint, was borne to the tent of Johnson and his wants tenderly supplied, when a number of Mohawks, exasperated by the death of Hendrick, burst into it and claimed the prisoner, that by his sacrifice at the stake, they might expiate the blood of their beloved Sachem. The firmness and influence of Johnson could scarcely avert the frightful fate. This decisive success, besides the repulse of the French invasion, yielded no results to the colonies, except the erection, nearly on the site of the entrenched camp, of Fort William Henry, destined to a sad and bloody pre-eminence.

The succeeding two years impressed upon the environs of Lake George, traditions of the daring exploits and reciprocal massacres of the Rangers under Rogers and Putnam, and the French partizans led by Marin, the legendary Molong, but was signalized by no prominent event. In the autumn of 1757, a party of three hundred and fifty

provincials under Col. Parker, was attacked by a band of Ottawas, led by the partizan Corbiere, at Sabbath Day Point. Two boats, bearing fifty men, alone escaped from the carnage.

Montcalm now appeared in the scenes of a momentous and sanguinary drama, in which he was to perform so conspicuous a role. Of high birth, an able soldier, and accomplished scholar, he was one of the commanding characters of an age, prolific in great men. Determined on the destruction of William Henry, an object of alarm and anxiety to the Canadian government, he aroused the savage warriors from Acadia to Lake Huron. They gathered at St. Johns, and in an imposing fleet of two hundred canoes ascended Lake Champlain, to unite their rude forces at Ticonderoga with the veterans of Montcalm. The spectacle was strange and picturesque, when the deep silence of these secluded waters was broken by the barbarian fleet, bearing the insignia of the different Chiefs, and the war song wildly blending with the hymns of the Christian Indians. Montcalm assembled his army, amounting to fifty-five hundred men, and sixteen hundred Indians, at the foot of Lake George, and there held a formal council with the savage tribes. De Levis, with twenty-two hundred French, escorted by six hundred Indians, marched along the broken sierra on the western shore of the lake, by paths scarcely practicable to the Indian or solitary hunter. Two days later Montcalm embarked the remainder of his forces in four hundred and fifty bateaux and canoes, transporting his artillery on platforms resting upon two boats lashed together. On the second day, he discerned the three signal fires kindled by De Levis at Ganouskie Bay, to announce the success of his arduous march and the assurance of a secure disem-

barkation. Montcalm effected an immediate landing, moored his boats in Harris Bay, near Long Island, and the next day invested William Henry. The fort was occupied by a gallant veteran, Colonel Monro, with a garrison of five hundred men, supported by a detachment of seventeen hundred troops in a entrenched camp upon the ground, indicated by the ruins of Fort George, a later structure. Gen. Webb, was encamped with a formidable army near Fort Edward, but made no effort to support or relieve the troops at William Henry. The siege was pressed with the utmost energy by Montcalm, and resisted with resolute heroism, but on the sixth day he was compelled to ask terms of capitulation. By this capitulation the English were permitted to march out of the works, bearing their arms, and were to be protected in their retreat to Fort Edward by a French escort. The English scarcely passed from the protection of their works, when the Indians assaulted them, first with insults and menaces, but soon by the tomahawk and scalping knife. The savages maddened by the orgies of the last night in celebration of their victory, and inflamed by a deadly hostility against the English, recognized no authority. The English, panic stricken, fled, although with arms in their hands, without resistance. Montcalm and other French officers hastened to the scene and by every effort and personal hazard attempted to protect the prisoners. "Kill me," shouted Montcalm, "but spare my prisoners." This event has cast a deep shadow upon the fame of Montcalm, little softened by the mellowing influence of more than a century. The imputation, stimulated by the angry passions of that age, that the massacre was a deliberate purpose, is unworthy consideration. It was rather a con-

sequence of the atrocious policy of introducing an ungovernable savage element into the conflicts of civilized nations. The estimate of men, women and children slain in this massacre, varied from thirty to one hundred. The remainder of the garrison either effected an escape or were rescued or ransomed by the French. The acquisition of a vast amount of munitions and public stores, and creating an alarm that convulsed the entire northern colonies, were the results of this brilliant conquest. Montcalm demolished the Fort and left it,

“ But a mass of ashes, slaked with blood.”

The Indians in their eager pursuit of spoils and scalps violated the new made graves, and tore from the festering bodies these horrid trophies. Some of these bodies were victims of the small pox. The savages contracted the infection, and carried the dread scourge to their wigwams in the far west, where it spread with frightful desolation.

The summer of 1758 witnessed the assembling, at the head of Lake George, of the most magnificent armament ever before marshalled on the western continent, consisting of nine thousand Provincials and six thousand regulars, under Abercrombie, but inspired by the genius and enterprise of the youthful Howe. At the dawning of a beautiful summer morning on the 5th of July, the expedition embarked on more than a thousand boats. The formidable artillery was transported on rafts. The world has rarely exhibited a scene so strangely gorgeous and impressive. Nature reigned upon the tranquil waters, and on the bold, dark shores of the lake in primeval solitude and seclusion. No human habitation was there. Amid the clangour of martial music; the glittering of burnished arms; the gleaming of the bright scarlet, mingled with the

ranger's green and the homespun garments of the Provincials, the fleet, in regular columns, rapidly glided down the lake. That night the army lay on Sabbath Day Point,—not then first receiving that appellation, for long before, it was known by the name. At midnight it proceeded silently and with muffled oars, Howe leading the van, and landed without opposition on the western shore, at the extremity of the lake in a small bay, still called Howe's Landing.

The army advanced upon the French works in three columns, along the devious paths of a dense wood. That led by Howe encountered a fugitive detachment of French troops under Trapazee, wandering in the mazes of the forest. A bloody skirmish ensued, and the French were repulsed with great loss, but Howe fell at the first fire, and with him expired the hope and spirit of the English army. His body was borne by Philip Schuyler, then a gallant youth, to Albany, and buried in St. Peter's Church, with every solemnity and pomp of religious ritual and military honors.

Abercrombie withdrew to the landing, lost in vacillating delay a precious day, and yielded to his energetic adversary the opportunity of arranging his defences. Montcalm occupied the bold promontory at Ticonderoga, which is washed on two sides by the waters of Champlain, and on the third by the outlet of Lake George. The French lines were constructed about half a mile in advance of Fort Carillon, and along a position of peculiar strength. The procrastination of Abercrombie enabled Montcalm to form in front of his entrenchment an abatis about one hundred yards wide, constructed with felled trees, lying intermingled, and their pointed limbs projecting outward. The

French were engaged in perfecting this original defence, when the approach of the English was announced. They were summoned by a signal gun to their stations behind the parapets, which were from eight to ten feet high, and about an eighth of a league in length. The lines were defended by two thousand nine hundred and ninety-two men. The British regulars, supported by the Provincials and light Infantry with a firm and steady step and bayonets fixed, advanced in four massive columns. But when they reached the impenetrable abatis all order and form were broken; they attempted to achieve by individual prowess what organization could not accomplish, and assailed in desperate and unyielding valour, one point and then another. They could not advance, and high courage and the instincts of discipline forbade their retreat. Exposed to a destructive fire of musketry and cannon, they were swept down by a frightful carnage. Montcalm, his coat cast off, was every while present in the wildest tempest of the battle; but Abercrombie, in ignoble safety at the saw mills, two miles from the field, sent no order for retreat from the hopeless conflict. From noon, for five hours, beneath a burning July sun, amid this carnage and desperation, the British troops maintained the contest. A few of the noble Highlanders gained and died upon the parapet, but at length regiment after regiment sullenly abandoned the field. And yet these brave veterans, whose heroic valour has received the admiring homage of their conquerors, equally with their country, on their retreat were seized with a sudden and inexplicable panic, and rushing impetuously to the boats seized them in the wildest confusion. Many were doubtless preserved, alone by the energy of Bradstreet, from a death beneath the waters of the lake,

they had escaped before the walls of Carillon. Abercrombie did not pause until he had placed the length of Lake George between his vast army and the insignificant forces of Montcalm. The British commander admitted a loss of two thousand men, while that of the French did not exceed five hundred, chiefly inflicted by the Provincial riflemen. The visitor can readily trace the scene of this tremendous conflict. The line of the fatal abatis, within a few years was marked by the memorials of war, found in its track.

In the succeeding year, Montcalm, leaving small garrisons in the Champlain forts, withdrew his army to confront Wolfe on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and Amherst, landing an army of twelve thousand men at a point opposite Howe's cove, after a brief siege, entered the evacuated fortress at Ticonderoga. One column of Burgoyne's army under Phillips in 1777, advanced through Lake George, and taking possession of the naked walls of Ft. George, which had been dismantled by Schuyler, established there and upon Diamond island depots of supplies and munitions, and the proximate base of the British army. The year before, a detachment of militia encountered a party of tories and Indians, at Sabbath Day Point, and defeated them with severe loss. Col. John Brown, in the autumn of 1777, penetrated the rugged barriers between Lake George and Champlain, with five hundred American rangers, captured the British forts and flotilla at the landing on Lake George, and upon his return made an unsuccessful attack on Diamond island.

This rapid sketch of a region so singularly affluent in historical associations, will enable the intelligent tourist to trace the scenes of these events with

precision and interest. We will now briefly review its varied modern aspects which seem important or attractive to the visitor. Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, and which is reached from Glens Falls by a line of elegant coaches, connecting with cars from Ft. Edward, has long been a favorite resort to the summer tourist, from the beauty of the scenery and its historical interest. The ruins of Ft. George, about a mile south east, are still visible.

Near Caldwell are two eminences which afford a fine views of the lake and the scenery of an extended territory; Rattle-snake Cobble rises south of the village, and may be readily ascended. Prospect Mountain is higher and more difficult of access; Feach mountain, on the east side of the lake, will interest the tourist. The elegant summer residence of Mr. George H. Cramer is a charming ornament to this beautiful spot.

Two first class hotels, second to none in the Union for their elegance and refinement, are open for the reception of summer guests. The Lake House and Fort William Henry Hotel* are both capacious and admirably appointed houses. The latter is surpassed by few, in its spacious dimensions, and by none in the superiority of its arrangements. Mr. Roessle, of this house, is celebrated wherever pleasure travel has extended, for the taste, forecaste and liberality with which he conducts his magnificent establishment.

We will enumerate, as far as practicable, the various resorts on Lake George, to partially guide the travelling public.

United States Hotel, Caldwell.
Lake George Hotel, "
Trout Pavilion, Queensbury.
Mohecan House, Bolton.

Bolton House, Bolton.
14 Mile Island House, 14 Mile Island.
Lake George House, Hague.
A house building on Long Island.

Two small steamers, the Minnehaha and the

*See advertisements in Appendix.

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Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George.

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Ganouskie, owned by the Champlain Transportation Company, run upon Lake George. One makes a daily trip to and from Ticonderoga and the other is appropriated to pleasure excursions. About two miles down the lake is the lovely little island, known as Tea Island. The next is Diamond Island, deriving its name from the profusion of crystals formerly found upon it. The next important point is Long Island, twelve miles from Caldwell. Near the centre of the lake beyond, is Dome Island, which will be recognized in the distance by its dome like arch. West of this is Recluse Island, a little spot occupied by the cottage of Mr. Wattles of New York. The next landing is Bolton. Four miles beyond is Fourteen mile island; in this vicinity is reported to be the best fishing grounds in the lake. Shelving Rock, a high cliff on the eastern shore, and Torgue mountain, a bold and beautiful promontory on the opposite side, form the entrance to the Narrows. This portion of the lake is celebrated for its strikingly picturesque beauties. It is often referred to as the "Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence," in miniature. The Narrows are a contracted passage of the lake, where the opposite shores nearly approach each other, and beyond and in view, the numerous islands so cluster together and crowd the lake, that only a sinuous track remains to be threaded by the little steamer. Immediately north of Shelving Rock, on the east side of the lake, will be noticed Black Mountain, two thousand two hundred feet high, and the loftiest peak in the region. Guides may always be obtained to ascend the mountain, and from its summit will be enjoyed an extensive and delightful view. Nearly opposite Black Mountain is Half Way Island, indicating half the distance between Caldwell and Ticonderoga. We pass several

little islands, designated by various fanciful names. On the east shore lies, at the foot of a pleasant bay, the small settlement in Dresden. Nearly opposite, on the west shore, is Buck's Mountain, eight hundred feet in height; its name originated from a sensational story of a buck in leaping from a precipice being impaled on the sharp limbs of a dead tree. The next object that will be noticed is Sabbath Day Point, a narrow spit of land projecting into the lake; on the other side is Bluff Point and the Odell Island, and on the west the Scotch Bonnet. Two miles farther north, nestling in the midst of charming scenery and near choice fishing grounds, two prominent cliffs will be noticed. Anthony's Nose on the east, and Rogers' Slide, four hundred feet high, on the west. The tradition of Rogers' adventure is now regarded as apochryphal; but an event occurred in the immediate vicinity impressed by almost equal romance. Early in the Spring of 1758 Rogers, with one hundred and eighty-two men traversed the ice of Lake George on snow shoes, with a view of reconnoissance, and when near the foot of the lake, plunged into the forest covered with snow four feet in depth. He fell into an ambush, and the Indians bore to Montcalm, as trophies of victory, one hundred and forty-four scalps and "two living letters," their designation of prisoners they saved for intelligence. Rogers himself escaped. The circumstances leave little doubt, that this terrific battle was fought on snow shoes. (Watson's Essex County.) Two miles beyond, after passing Prisoner's Island, the steamer reaches her landing. A delightful ride, upon excellent coaches along the picturesque course of the river, abounding in the most exciting associations of history and tradition, conveys the traveller to the Pavilion, a splendip

hotel near the ruins of Fort Carillon. At the landing is situated the Fort Ticonderoga Hotel. We should be sadly remiss in a duty to the public should we fail to announce that the line of coaches referred to, is owned by Wm. G. Baldwin, the prince of stagemen and speech makers.

We will pause in the narrative of this attractive locality, while we notice another route of travel, which connects here with that through Lake George, which we have just traced. The Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad continues from the Whitehall depot about a mile, to a point below, which is known as the Elbow. A notice of this railway is not embraced in our plan, but a few remarks will not be without interest to the travelling community. The Rensselaer and Saratoga road is one of the most perfect in the country, both in its construction and felicity of location. A large proportion of it is already laid with steel rails. This line forms the most direct and eligible route between New York and the northern lakes and Canada. A branch has been constructed from Fort Edward to Glens Falls, in the direction of Lake George. The Rensselaer & Saratoga Company have erected at Saratoga Springs a magnificent depot; palace cars, during the summer travel, run without change from New York to the Springs, and passengers leaving the city after breakfast arrive at Saratoga to an early dinner. The management of this road, under its present direction, is conducted with rare ability and prudence. Isaac V. Baker is the General Superintendent.

At the Elbow, and in the estuary opposite formed by the Poultney river, the contending fleets at the battle of Plattsburgh were dismantled after the peace

of 1815, and left to a common decay; their hulks, buried in the mud, still remain. Immediately below is "Put's Rock," the scene of his moonlight battle and victory over Marin. At the landing, the traveller will embark upon one of the majestic steamers of the Champlain Transportation Company, which form a day and night line between Whitehall and Rouse's Point, connecting with various railroad routes on their passage. The Adirondack, Captain Wm. Anderson, is a first class steamer, of superior beauty and great power, and arranged with every appliance calculated to secure comfort and safety; she possesses state-room accommodations for three hundred passengers. The Vermont, a corresponding vessel, somewhat larger, will be prepared to enter the line at the opening of summer travel in 1871, under the command of Capt. Wm. H. Flagg. These officers are veterans in their profession; the former has been in the service of the Company forty, and the latter more than thirty years, and have always been distinguished for their capacity, intelligence and courteous deportment. Passengers under all circumstances may repose unbounded confidence in their skill and prudence. Several of the subordinate officers and crew have been nearly an equal period in the same employment. These vessels are models of elegance, neatness and convenience; their tasteful furnishing is wholly of native woods, and they are regarded as second to no steamer that floats on American waters. The United States, Capt. George Rushlow, an older vessel, but of good speed and with excellent accommodations, completes the line. This Company has been in existence more than half a century, and transporting, in numerous steamers, probably more than a million of passengers, has lost through that long period upon the

lake but one boat, and that by accidental fire, without losing at any time a single passenger. Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, as President, and Alvin L. Inman, General Superintendent, are the active and efficient managers of this Company. We shall have occasion on succeeding pages to recur to these steamers and their management.

Soon after leaving the wharf, South Bay, the route of Dieskau, a deep indentation on the west shore, will be noticed. The tourist will watch with interest the steamer cautiously threading her way along the meandering course of the channel, among the rank aquatic grasses of the marshes. The French appropriately designated this singular tract the "Grand Marias." They called the narrow sheet of water from Whitehall to its confluence with the outlet of Lake George at Ticonderoga, Wood Creek, and at that point Lake Champlain specifically commenced. The steamer lands at Benson, Vt., thirteen miles from Whitehall, and Orwell, seven miles farther.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Samuel de Champlain, a distinguished French officer and enthusiastic explorer, joined a war party of the Algonquins in an expedition against a Southern tribe, and on the 4th July, 1609, entered upon the waters of the lake. The date is worthy of notice, as the discovery of Champlain occurred nine years previous to the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, and only a few weeks before Hendrick Hudson had reached the site of Albany, in the Half Moon. The lake has received various names. Among those applied to it in the aboriginal dialects, were Petaonbough, in allusion to the alternations in its scenery of land and water, and Caniadere-quarante, the "door of the country." The discoverer called it Champlain. The French afterwards designated it Lac des Iroquois, but posterity, with greater justice, has restored the appropriate name. The lake from Whitehall to St. Johns, is one hundred and twenty miles in length, and is about thirteen miles in width, opposite Port Kent, at its broadest point.

The rare and exceeding beauty of this lake attracts and entrances the observer. Travellers pronounce it to be unsurpassed in either hemisphere, in its peculiar combination of the picturesque and beautiful with imposing magnificence. On the eastern shore it is lined by a highly cultivated country, bounded in the horizon by the irregular outline of Green Mountains; on the west, the dark and towering Adirondacks, broken into dis-

located groups, spread into the interior as far as the eye reaches, at points projecting their rugged spurs into the bosom of the lake, and often forming lofty headlands covered by dense forests, or presenting frowning masses of naked rocks. Choice ranges of table land intervene occasionally, strikingly contrasting with the rude mountain scenery, by the richest agricultural improvements, and embellishment of pleasant villages. Numberless islands enhance the beauty of the scene. The ice usually forms in the widest part of the lake near the first of February, and remains until about the middle of April. The transition from navigation to ice is often amazingly rapid. The spectacle afforded by this vast expanse of icy surface is strangely brilliant and exhilarating. At a former period it furnished a most convenient military avenue, often embraced by the French and Indians in their terrible and bloody incursions into the English colonies. Before the introduction of railroads it was made the great highway of commercial intercourse. It is still a most delightful field of excursion when the pleasure sleigh, bounding along its smooth crystal surface, disturbs the stillness of the strange solitude by the chimes of its merry bells. Little danger is incurred except in crossing the cracks, which, bursting the ice asunder, from headland to headland, with a sound like the crashing of thunder, or booming of artillery appear soon after its formation has shut over the lake. When the strength of the ice is impaired by the warm sun and balmy air of spring, the passage becomes eminently hazardous. Incidents of suffering and exposure from the cold upon the lake often present scenes of thrilling excitement. One of these cannot be without interest. A stranger accompanied by a small spaniel arrived at Port Kent near

nightfall in the midst of a snow storm, and persisted in crossing the lake against the strongest remonstrance, a foot and alone. Early next morning the dog aroused the inmates of the hotel, where the traveller had stopped, and by every demonstration of anxiety attempted to excite attention and sympathy. Guided by the little animal, who immediately returned to the ice, several persons followed him to nearly the centre of the lake, when he rushed upon an apparent snow drift and began to dig into it, with the most piteous cries. He soon revealed beneath the wreath of snow the lifeless body of a master his fidelity and courage had failed to save. The pathetic tale should not be closed, without stating that the faithful animal was preserved and cherished as his fidelity and intelligence deserved.

The scenery of the lake in the winter is indescribably beautiful and imposing, when earth and ice are clothed in their pure dazzling mantle of snow, and the mountains glow in the sun beams, like vast masses of opal.

Lake Champlain will attain a far more momentous commercial attitude than it has ever occupied, if the magnificent conception of uniting the waters of the St. Lawrence with the Hudson by ship canals, of which the lake would be an important link, should be realized.

Ticonderoga is twenty-four miles from Whitehall. Champlain undoubtedly penetrated as far as this point, and probably visited Lake George. In this vicinity must have occurred the merciless battle with the Iroquois, he described with such graphic power in his journal, and an account of which will be found in all the recent histories of the region. The venerable ruins standing upon the bold, rocky summit of the promontory, is viewed with peculiar

advantage in the approach from the South. The fortress at Ticonderoga, called by the French Carillon, bears the same allusion as Che-onderoga, the original of Ticonderoga, to the brawling waters of the outlet, was commenced in 1755. No spot on the continent is surrounded with a deeper and more thrilling interest. Not only from its majestic ruins, and hoary age, does it claim attention, but deep emotion is aroused by the fact that it has been held by the military possession of three distinct nations, and is the common theatre of their glories and triumphs, and of their defeats and disasters. Its environs were the nursery of the heroes of the revolution. Most of the ramparts, the covered way, and walls of the edifices remain, and will attract and reward the researches of the tourist. The bakery, situated near the south-western angle of the barracks, and beneath the glacis, is the best preserved portion of the works. Immediately above the steamboat landing, may be traced the "Grenadiers' Battery," at one period a formidable redoubt. Mount Defiance, rising to the height of seven hundred and fifty feet, stands directly south of the fort on the opposite side of the outlet, and Mount Independence, a high circular hill, is situated across the lake on the Vermont shore. Both of these localities are associated with important revolutionary events.

The British had held these works more than fifteen years in undisturbed security. It was occupied in the spring of 1775 by Capt. De La Place, with a garrison of forty men. The events at Lexington admonished the American patriots of the importance of seizing and occupying the position, and early measures were devised for achieving the object. On the 7th of May, an intrepid band of

two hundred and seventy men, all but forty-six of whom were "Green Mountain Boys," led by Ethan Allen, with Benedict Arnold, and other subordinates, who subsequently attained high distinction, were secretly assembled at Hand's Cove, about a mile north of Larabee's Point. Here they remained a day and night; and early on the morning of the 8th began their passage to Willow Point, on the west side of the lake. When only eighty men had crossed, the day was dawning, and Allen decided to advance to the attack of the fort without pausing for the arrival of the remainder of his force. He was guided by Nathan Beaman, a lad, who lived to narrate to the present generation, the wonderful exploit. By a rapid, quiet march, they reached the covered way, through which the visitor now enters unnoticed. The sentinel stationed here, snapped his musket at the breast of Allen and hastily retreated, followed by the Americans, who, forming in two lines upon the parade, awoke the garrison by appalling shouts. The first door on the second story of the best preserved building, on the left of the parade, led, it is believed, to the apartment of De La Place, who, aroused by the tumult rushed in his night-dress to the balcony, there to be confronted by Allen, where the memorable enquiry and response, too familiar to be repeated, occurred. The fortress, which had cost such an infinite amount of blood and treasure, was won without a blow, and with it, one hundred and twenty-five pieces of artillery, and a vast quantity of ammunition and military stores. The value of this acquisition was fully appreciated the ensuing winter, when large trains of ox sleds were seen traversing a wilderness of two hundred miles, transporting the heavy guns to arm the batteries of Washington at the siege of Boston.

In the summer of 1777, a new scene opened in the eventful history of Ticonderoga. General St. Clair held the works with a large but ineffective and inadequate garrison. Mt. Independence bristled from base to summit with batteries and redoubts, but the feeble forces of the Americans did not permit the occupation of Mt. Defiance. On the first of July, Burgoyne, after seizing the abandoned works at Crown Point, advanced in three columns against Ticonderoga. Phillips captured an important eminence near the Lake George landing, which tradition avers, he then named "Mt. Hope," from the auspicious influence of its capture on the campaign. The first rays of the sun on the morning of the fifth glittered on the bright scarlet of British uniforms upon the top of Mt. Defiance. Burgoyne, by incredible efforts, had ascended the steep acclivities, hitherto deemed impracticable, and erected a battery mounted with heavy guns, which rendered the works wholly untenable. It was promptly decided to evacuate the entire position, and the purpose was attempted in the silence and darkness of the following night. St. Clair embarking on a flotilla of two hundred boats, his sick, stores and all munitions practicable convoyed by five galleys, proceeded to Skeensboro. His army was silently crossing the bridge that he had constructed at an enormous expense between Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence, vestiges of which still at times interfere with navigation, when a flame from a burning house on Mt. Independence shed a bright illumination upon the scene, and exposed the movement. The British army was instantly alarmed, and in pursuit. Burgoyne, bursting through the ponderous bridge and boom, with great energy pursued the flotilla, which was burned or captured at Skeensboro. The American

army, after the battle of Hubbardton, was for a period dispersed. In the autumn of the same year, Captain Ebenezer Allen was despatched by Colonel Brown, during his expedition already mentioned, to seize the works erected by Burgoyne on Mt. Defiance. Scaling cautiously the steep precipices of the mountain, so abrupt, that in some places the assailants were obliged to climb over each other's shoulders, the resolute little band, captured the battery without firing a single shot. The British maintained the occupation of the fortress until the practical close of the war.

A section of the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad is constructed between Ticonderoga and Port Henry, a distance of seventeen miles, and is now in operation.

On the Vermont shore, the first landing, about two miles, is Larabee's Point, in Shoreham,—(United States Hotel.) At the landing in Crown Point is situated a new and pleasant hotel. A mile in the interior is the village of Hammond Corners, in the midst of a most delightful country. The traveller's attention will soon be attracted by the ruins of Crown Point; opposite Crown Point is Chimney Point, presenting a bold bluff, designated by the French "Point a la Cheveleur. The allusion conveyed by the name is loss. This position was seized by the French before their occupation of Crown Point in 1731. The idea, imparted by the formation of this peninsula, has been recognized in the name applied to it in various languages. The Dutch called it "Crune Pont," the French, "Pointe Le Caronne," and the English, Crown Point. It was a place of considerable commercial importance during the French and English ascendancy, where the commodities of the British provinces met and were

exchanged for the peltries gathered by the French and Indians upon their wide hunting grounds. Flagged side walks, a long line of cellars, garden walls fruit trees, and other memorials of the past, furnish evidences of the former presence of a dense and civilized population. The ruins, which will be observed from the steamer, are remains of the fort erected by Amherst in 1759. A part of the barracks and the fortifications are in good preservation, and although not tinged with any of the romance that entrances at Carillon, are interesting as memorials of more than a century ago. The Fort of St. Frederic, built in 1731 by the French, stood near the margin of the lake. Its position can be easily traced. The oven, the covered way and magazine are still discernible. The garrison well, in Amherst's fort, almost one hundred feet deep, remains, and the course of the covered way leading to the lake may readily be discerned,

Two miles across Bulwagga Bay, the boat reaches Port Henry. At the south appears the rough acclivities of the Bulwagga Mountains. Port Henry is pleasantly situated. It is the site of one of the most extensive iron works in the region, and the shipping point to every section of the country of the immense amount of ore excavated from the rocky hills in the interior. The traveller may frequently observe large fleets of canal boats discharging their coal from Pennsylvania, and receiving return cargoes of iron ore. Pease' Hotel, is situated here; the Sherman House about two miles in the interior, and contiguous to the vast mineral district. Both are spacious and excellent houses. A small steamer, the Curlew, plies between Port Henry and Vergennes daily. Leaving Vergennes at 9.30 A. M., on the arrival of the southern train, and stopping at Fort

Cassin, Westport and Basin Harbor, arrives at Port Henry in advance of the northern boat, and departs at 1.30 P.M., after the arrival of the south boat. After leaving Port Henry the mountain views on each side of the lake begin to unfold to the tourist, in their beauty and grandeur. The Bald Mountain, standing midway between Port Henry and Westport, is about two thousand feet high. It is easily accessible, and from its isolated position and proximity to the water, affords a rich panoramic view of the lake, a length of fifty miles, and of the Vermont shore, with the surrounding mountains on every side. Near the base of the mountain, lie the "Adirondack Springs."

Westport, a pleasant village ten miles from Port Henry, lies at the head of north-west bay,—(Person's Hotel.) The spires of Vergennes, in the east, will soon be perceived. The lake again contracts in breadth, and at its narrowest point are the ruins of Fort Cassin, at the mouth of Otter Creek, (Riviere aux Lontres,) the largest river in Vermont, and navigable eight miles to Vergennes. In the war of 1812, Lieut. Cassin of the Navy, repulsed a British flotilla, attempting to burn McDonough's fleet on the stocks at Vergennes, from a hastily constructed redoubt at this place. When the fort was subsequently built, it received its name in commemoration of the achievement. The Fort Cassin House is a quiet and agreeable resort. On the opposite side of the lake are Split Rock Mountains, with a Light House at the north extremity. In front of this, is a remarkable formation called by the French "Rochè Fendu," and now known as Split Rock. It contains about half an acre of earth and rock, and rises thirty feet in a bold and vertical front, being separated from the main land by a fissure ten feet wide, which

in high water is submerged by the lake. Various theories are advanced in reference to the agencies by which this interesting object was formed; the most probable of these is, that the gradual attrition of the earth and disintegration of the rock, were produced by the combined action of the elements. Essex, twelve miles from Westport, is a pleasant village, delightfully located. The large brick edifice near the centre of the village, was the former residence of Gen. Henry H. Ross. (Royce's Hotel.) A few miles north of Essex, almost hidden from observation by overhanging trees and bushes, is the mouth of the Boquet river, a stream of great industrial value and historical interest. In May 1765, William Gilliland, the pioneer of Essex County, entered the stream with a colony from New York, and erected at the falls two miles above, the first dwelling house built between Crown Point and the Canadian settlements. Burgoyne, in June 1777, occupied the river with his vast armament, and at a redoubt he threw up, near the same place, remains of which could very recently be traced, held his famous Indian treaty, with all the tribes which yielded fealty to England. The deep bay on the north of Willsboro Point, a long, low peninsula, was formerly called Pereu Bay, now Willsboro. Near its mouth, the good and noble Corlear, the friend of the Indians and the preserver of the French army at Schenectady, equally from the storms of winter and the vengeance of a savage foe, was lost with several Iroquois chiefs, while on a mission of peace and conciliation to Canada. A part of this bay, and afterwards the lake, from this incident, was called Corlear. The four islands directly in front, representing the cardinal points of the compass, were known by the French as *Isles des quarter vents*, and to the

English, the Four Brothers. Near these islands, the last desperate battle between Arnold and Carlton's fleets occurred. One of Arnold's vessels was captured, one was blown up and four escaped; four others were run ashore on Panton Beach directly opposite, in Vermont, and burnt with their flags still flying. Their charred hulks are yet visible.

Nearly opposite, upon one of the highest peaks of the Green Mountains, will be observed a very striking object, which seems like the effigy of a reposing lion, carved on the imperishable rock. The French caught the idea, and called the mountain *Leon Couchant*; it is now degraded into the name of *Camel's Hump*. We now approach *Rock Dunder*, which appears almost to interpose in the steamer's track. It is a dark, naked rock, rising in a perfect cone more than thirty feet above the water. Recent researches seem to identify it with the "*Great Rock Reggio*," so prominent in the colonial archives, and according to the remote traditions of the Mohawks, a grand landmark in past ages in the boundary line between their domains, and the country of the Algonquins. They long preserved the story, that a great chief, ages before the advent of the pale faces, named *Reggio*, was drowned at its base, and from him, the rock and the lake were called *Reggio* (*Watson's Essex County*.) Just on the left is the *Light House* upon *Juniper Island*, and on the right hand *Shelburn Bay*, a long and narrow sheet of water extending four miles inland. Here is situated the harbor and ship-yard of the *Champlain Transportation Company*, where their steamers are built, and moored in secure winter quarters; and here their condemned hulks are collected, dismantled and left to decay. The history of the numerous gallant steamers, rotting in their final harbor, would

afford a rich and most valuable chapter, illustrative of the progress of steamboat architecture. To the skill and judgment of Mr. E. Root, Chief Engineer, and L. S. White, Master Mechanic, who have been in the service of the Company forty years, must be ascribed the credit of placing such models as the Adirondack and Vermont upon the waters of the lake. The berth of the steamer at Burlington is fourteen miles from Essex, and is well protected by fine wharves, and a long breakwater with a light house on each end. The elegant, spacious mansion of Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, occupying a conspicuous eminence immediately south of the city, will command particular notice. Burlington is one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of New England, with a population of fifteen thousand. Its commanding position and great beauty are presented from the lake with peculiar advantage. As the steamer glides by the wharves, passing in succession the broad streets, delightful views are presented through their long vistas a mile in length, terminated by the eminence crowned by the University buildings on its summit. Most of the streets are shaded by stately trees and, lined by many elegant edifices, embowered with trees and shrubbery. We shall again visit Burlington. In the transit of ten miles between Burlington and Port Kent, the lover of nature will contemplate her works revealed in exquisite loveliness, and in the wildest sublimity. The lake, studded with headlands and Isle, expands on every side in the richest panorama. On one, the eye traces the outline of the Green Mountains, half the length of Vermont, and on the other, spread the Adirondacks, thrown into chaotic groups, with some of their highest summits lifted into the distant horizon. Contemplating the scene, and re-

collecting that the lake is only ninety-one feet above tide water, the mind reverts to the hypothesis, confirmed by so much silent testimony, that the ocean once surged through this valley, and that these lofty peaks where then islands projecting above its waves.

Schuyler's Island, (Capon, F.) which, at an early period was occupied as an encampment by Schuyler, lies on the left. Point Trembleau, on the mainland, is one of the few poetical names preserved from the French nomenclature. In the distance, its pine crest seems to be floating on the water. Mount Trembleau is a locality of interest both to the student of physical geography and the naturalist. It is the last spur of the Alleghanies, and at its base commences one of those great northern plains that extend to the Arctic circle. The mountain is hyperstene, or granite, but directly where it terminates the stratification of the Pottsdam sandstone starts, and extends over a wide district.

The view from Port Kent is among the most beautiful and extensive upon the lake. The large stone mansion standing upon the elevated ground was the former residence of Elkanah Watson. The passage of fifteen miles to Plattsburgh is crowded with objects of great historic interest. On the pine plain a mile and a half north was the site of Amherst's brief encampment in 1759. The little island almost touching Valcour on the south, is called Garden Island, from the tradition that it was occupied by the French and English naval officers for the cultivation of culinary vegetables. At the southern extremity of Valcour, just in front of a tiny grass plat, lie the remains of the Royal Savage, a large schooner of twelve guns, sunk in Arnold's battle. Many abortive attempts have been made to raise the

wreck, which is visible in low water. We can scarcely conceive of a more impressive revolutionary relic than it would prove, could this design be accomplished. Arnold had moored his fleet in a small cove in Valcour island, directly opposite Port Jackson, hoping to escape the observation of the British commander. The enemy's fleet did pass Valcour on the eastern side, before the position of Arnold was noticed, and thus approached him from the south. On the advance of the British, who were commanded by Capt. Pringle, although Carlton was on board the flag-ship, Arnold formed his vessels in a line between Valcour and the mainland. A fierce and sanguinary conflict ensued, protracted through the carnage of four hours. At night, Pringle drew off the portion of his fleet engaged, and formed a line directly south of the island to prevent the escape of the shattered American vessels. The loss had been severe on both sides. Arnold, hopeless of further resistance, determined to retreat to the protection of Crown Point. The American fleet, silently, covered by the darkness of the night, passed around the north end of Valcour, in a single line, each vessel guiding the course of that following by a light at the stern, and had reached Schuyler's island, nine miles up the lake, before the movement was discovered by the enemy. (Palmer's Champlain). The result we have already noticed.

Crab Island, St Michael of the French, and known for a time as Hospital Island, from the fact, that the wounded of both fleets in 1814, were placed upon it, lies north of Valcour. Between this island and the peninsula of Cumberland Head, is the theatre of MacDonough's victory. A mile south of Plattsburgh will be noticed the modern govern-

ment barracks. The old forts and cantonment were located between the new barracks and the village.

The trip between Plattsburgh and Rouse's Point, present aspects unlike any other section of the lake, but is still peculiarly pleasant and beautiful. The steamboat landing is immediately contiguous to the depots of the Montreal and Plattsburgh, and Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroads. Not stopping at this important and interesting village, to which we shall return, we proceed with the steamer on her route to Rouse's Point. After passing Cumberland Head, we leave the broad expansion of water, the rocky cliffs and stern promontories, but instead, as we thread a more confined and placid channel are delighted with a view of the rich and luxuriant shores of the islands of Vermont and the mainland of New York, with the scenery of the remote mountains on either side softened by distance. Cumberland Head, (Cap Scrononton, of the French,) three miles from Plattsburgh, has been a prominent landmark of the lake, and an interesting point in its annals. On the east stretches Grand Isle, the largest island in the lake, and one of the most fertile and lovely places in Vermont. Twelve miles beyond Cumberland Head, is Isle la Motte; it was named from La Mothe, a French officer, who built a fort in 1665, on the north end of the island, which he named Fort St. Ann. It was subsequently called Fort La Mothe. This island and Point Au Fer on the western shore, a little north, were occupied, and important military positions, both in the Colonial and Revolutionary war. The Little and Big Chazy rivers enter the lake a short distance south of Point Au Fer. Tradition states that this name was derived from a distinguished French officer De Chasy who was killed in

the vicinity in 1665. (Palmer's Champlain.) A brick house, Mr. Palmer writes, was erected on this point previous to the revolution, and he infers from Kalm that dwellings existed here in 1748. The house was fortified by the Americans on their invasion of Canada, and occupied by Burgoyne in 1777. It was maintained as a formidable military post by the British until after the treaty of peace. The projection from the Vermont shore, nearly east of the north extremity of Isle La Motte, is Alburgh Tongue, distinguished by the French as Pointe Algonquin. The entrance to the beautiful Missisquoi Bay will be observed east of this point. Eight miles beyond Isle La Motte, on the eastern shore, is situated Wind Mill Point. The French erected at this place a large stone mill in 1731. This fact originated its name. Directly opposite, is the village of Rouse's Point, and a mile beyond are the railroad depots and steamboat landing.

We will now return to Whitehall, and pursue another popular route of travel to Plattsburgh. This is chiefly by way of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad.

The Champlain Canal enters the lake at Whitehall by three locks. Whitehall transacts a heavy business in lumber. A valuable mineral spring, the Adirondack, is the only object worthy of particular attention. (Hall's Hotel; Vaughan House.) The road running to Rutland connects at this depot, with the trains to and from Saratoga. The cars pass through the villages of Fair Haven, six miles, Hydeville, two miles, Castleton, three miles, where the Rutland and Washington railroad connects; three miles from the village is Lake Bomersen, a pleasant resort for fishing and recreation, where is a small hotel. Near Castleton is the only white

soap stone pencil manufactory in the country: West Rutland, seven miles; to Rutland, three. The country is eminently beautiful, and the prospect is constantly unfolding fresh views of the Green Mountains. The traveller will notice the large quarries of the finest slate, and he has now entered upon the vast marble district that occupies a large portion of central Vermont, and is scarcely second to any industry of the state in the business and wealth it yields. Rutland is a pleasant and prosperous town, with a population of about ten thousand. A large brick depot stands in the lower part of the village, from which radiate railroads running in every direction. That which we have traced connects with Troy, Albany, Saratoga and the west, and the Western Vermont,—the Harlem extension,—at the south. At Bellows Falls the Rutland and Burlington road forms junctions with different lines, leading to New York by the Connecticut valley, to Boston, and various sections of New Hampshire. Our province is to pursue that which tends to Burlington, which, under a new arrangement, is now known as the Central and V. & C., Rutland Division.

Rutland stands in the verge of the Green Mountains. The highest peaks in the vicinity are Shrewsbury, Pico and Killington. A pleasant drive of seven miles, affords a charming excursion to the latter, which is the third highest summit in the state. Otter Creek, in Rutland, furnishes an extensive water power. Sutherland Falls, seven miles from the village, on this stream, is a fine cascade, with vast hydraulic capacity. At some seasons it is visible from the cars. Clarendon, four miles south, will claim a visit by its medicinal springs and remarkable cave. The "Middletown Healing Springs," reached by an interesting road, should not be neg-

lected. The marble quarries and mills in the vicinity of Rutland will repay a protracted examination. Rutland, until recently, was the centre of a powerful railroad influence, and extensive work-shops were located here. It is the residence of Governor Page, the former energetic President of the R. and B. Company. Among the hotels, are the Bates, a new and superior house; the Bardwell and Central. Curiosity and sometimes a more reverent sentiment often inclines the sojourner to visit the cemeteries, to trace out the graves of a past generation. To aid such researches, we shall incidentally indicate the graves of a few of the eminent dead. In Rutland none are more so, than Charles K. Williams and Robert Pierpont.

Pittsford, seven miles, Brandon, eight miles, is distinguished for its manufactories. Here may be explored two singular caves, and a mysterious "Frozen Well." Stages run from the Brandon House, a commodious hotel, to Lake Dunmore, nine miles. This beautiful and picturesque sheet of water reposes almost within the embrace of the mountains. It affords fine sport, and on its banks are a good hotel, and cottages for the reception of guests. Lana Cascade, a wild fall, is formed by a little stream that empties into the lake. At Whiting, five miles, will be the junction of the Addison Railroad, which is designed to create a connection by a ferry bridge, with the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad at Ticonderoga. Soon after leaving this station, the Adirondacks appear on the western horizon. Salisbury, five miles, is the next station, and six miles further we reach Middlebury, lying on both sides of Otter Creek, and a town of considerable manufacturing importance.

It is the seat of Middlebury College, a literary in-

stitution of high reputation. The village is pleasantly situated, and commands, as does the whole line of the road, a fine prospect of the mountains, and of a beautiful country. Stages regularly run to Lake Dunmore, eight miles, during summer travel. (Addison House.) Among the eminent men, whose graves are at this place, the intelligent traveller will at once recall the Chipmans; Prof. James Meechem, and Senator Samuel S. Phelps, one of the brightest intellects that ever adorned Vermont. A few miles from Middlebury, the road passes over a deep gorge, at New Haven river, where some years ago, a little hamlet was swept away by a sudden and terrible freshet. Vergennes, (twelve miles) was incorporated in 1788, with a city charter, and named after the eminent French minister. It stands about half a mile from the depot, at the head of the ship navigation on Otter Creek. It possesses a water power of unusual magnitude and value, but which is but partially occupied by some important works. At its ship yard the fleet of MacDonough, at Plattsburgh, was built, during the war of 1812, from timber, which a few months before was standing in the forest. There is here an extensive United States Arsenal. Otter Creek, leaping down a sheer rock of nearly forty feet, form a beautiful cascade. (Hotels,—The Stevens House and Franklin House.) The Elgin Springs are situated three miles from Vergennes. Here is a good boarding House, from which daily stages run to the depot. Among the graves at Vergennes are those of the Captains Sherman, father and son, who initiated the admirable steamboat system on Lake Champlain.

The remaining stations before reaching Burlington, are Ferrisburgh, two and a half miles; North

Ferrisburgh, three and a half miles ; Charlotte, five miles and Shelburn five miles. In the construction of the railroad, the bones of a fossil whale in remarkable preservation, where exhumed at Charlotte, and are now exhibited in the scientific rooms at Montpelier.

This road terminates at the spacious depot in Burlington, but passengers, who do not wish to stop at this beautiful city may immediately proceed by the Vermont Central, or embark on one of the lake steamers. The Oakes Ames runs in connection between the Rutland and Burlington, and the Montreal and Plattsburgh, and the Whitehall and Plattsburgh railroads, both of which have their depots at the steamboat landing in Plattsburgh. The steamer makes four regular daily trips in each direction ; one by the way of Port Kent, and the other direct, a distance of twenty-four miles, between Plattsburgh and Burlington. This is a novel and highly agreeable trip. The boat glides along Lone Rock, or Sharpshins Point, where the noble edifice, erected for a literary institution, by the late Bishop Hopkins, will be noticed ; by Apple Tree and Colchester Points, and in sight of the mouth of the Winooski, and soon that of Lamoille river, two valuable streams which enter the lake in Mallett's Bay, a deep indentation on the east, and famous as a fishing ground ; through a narrow passage between two reefs, over which in a calm the water ripples almost beneath her gunwale, but in a storm bursts upon them in terrific surges. The government is now erecting a most necessary Light House at this place. The boat continues to run parallel to the Vermont shore and the beautiful islands that skirt it. She passes Providence Island, the first north of Carlton's Prize, on which

the passengers landed in 1819, in small boats from the wreck of the burning Phoenix. On the east, a dark, naked, solitary rock may be seen, standing above the water. The tradition of the lake, states, that the British fleet in pursuit of Arnold, after the battle of Valcour, mistaking this rock as it loomed up in the obscurity of an autumnal fog, for a vessel, opened fire upon it, and from that day, the sailors have called it "Carlton's Prize." A little cove will appear near the North-eastern extremity of Valcour Island, interesting to the student of history from the fact, that three of Amherst's fleet, in 1759, overtook some French vessels and capturing them, destroyed the last remnant of the domination of France upon the lake. Traversing Cumberland Bay, the steamer will pass over the position occupied by the hostile fleets in the battle of September, 1814. We omitted to state, that the harbor of Plattsburgh is protected by an ample Breakwater, bearing a bright light at each end.

The novel and peculiar construction of the Oakes Ames requires a brief notice. She is remarkable for her great strength, and a speed scarcely ever impeded by any stress of weather, that enables her to make the distance (about twenty-four miles) between Burlington and Plattsburgh, in a run of one hour. She is two hundred and fifty feet long, has a beam of fifty one feet, and hold eleven feet; and has two engines of five hundred horse power each. Her peculiarity consists in being constructed and adapted by her arrangements to form a prolongation of the railroads, or makes her rather, a vast floating railroad bridge. A regular track runs along her lower deck, and an engine on shore by using the "self adjusting railroad bridge," places a train of six loaded cars, with the utmost facility and in an

incredibly short time, upon the train-way on the boat, and the bulwarks at her bows, which have been temporarily removed, being replaced, she transports them, with almost railroad speed to the opposite connecting depot, where, by the same machanism, they are taken from the boat, placed upon the railroad, and on their course, with the delay of only a few moments. This bridge adjusts itself to any elevation of the boat, and forms a perfect connection between the track on shore and the way upon the boat. This, wholly original and most important gift to labor, by skill and practical science, was invented and patented by Capt. N. B. Proctor, formerly commander of the Oakes Ames, and will excite the closest examination. The circumstances connected with this steamer probably have no parallel. Her peculiar and unique model was designed by Captain Proctor; to him was confided the selection and preparation of all the timber in her construction; he built her at his private ship yard, and until the present season, ran her with great success. The public are mainly indebted for the inauguration of this great progress in railroad and steamboat transportation to the enterprize and influence of Gov. Page, of Rutland, Lieut. Governor Underwood, of Burlington, and Mr. Ames and Mr Peter Butler, of Boston.

The Oakes Ames is now commanded by Capt. B. J. Holt, an able and reliable officer. In no department of the steamboat service, whether on the ocean or upon the lakes, does a higher responsibility exist, than is involved in the duties that rest upon the commander of one of the Champlain steamers, or where sounder judgment and skill are required. The vessels are large, often laded with immense freight, and great numbers of passengers; they run day and

night, through a very complicated and difficult navigation; many sections of the lake are characterized by shallows, rocks and reefs, and with a configuration that compels the steamer to run almost in contact with the land. The presence of abrupt headlands, and the vicinity of lofty ranges of mountains, that pre-eminently control the atmospheric current, subject the lake to sudden and severe squalls and heavy gales, which often produce rough and what is known to the sailors as chopping seas, without the refuse of sea-room. The fact which we have already mentioned, that a steamboat navigation extending over sixty years, under such circumstances, has experienced but a single disaster, demonstrates the skill and prudence of the officers and the excellence of the vessels.

A rigid and exact system of discipline prevails on these steamers. It was instituted at an early period by the Captains Sherman, and has reached its existing degree of perfectness under the present able administration of the Champlain Transportation Company. Upon the boats of this Company each crew is formed into a regular fire company, and once at least, on each trip, and once a week while lying in port, are strictly and regularly instructed in their duties. An uniform signal calls each individual to his designated station, whether at the boats, the pumps, or other service. This system is enjoined by strict printed orders. The vessels are supplied with hose, buckets and other usual appendages to Fire Companies, and seem amply guarded from the perils of fire.

We are permitted to copy the opinion of the United States Supervising Inspector of the Northern District of New York, in reference to the management of these boats. After passing high enco-

miums upon their system and discipline, he adds: "In a word, the Adirondack, Canada and United States, are worthy examples of completeness, and the discipline on board, as well as safety to life and property, are unsurpassed by any other steamers that have come to my notice." "These results" he writes, "are mainly attributable to the superior outfit, the excellent discipline of officers and crews, and the general good management which characterizes the steamers of that line."

That they may easily be recognized, the officers and crews of these steamers wear a regulation uniform.

In a judicious policy, the government has employed an able corps of Engineers, under the Supervision of Gen. Cutts, in making a complete survey of the lake by triangulation. The pilots on its water, possess no charts, and are governed wholly by their own experience and the information they collect. It is a singular circumstance that the British authorities, more than a century ago, possessed minute and exact charts of the lake, derived from their own, and French surveys, which were published, but appear never to have been reproduced in this country. Elkanah Watson brought from London one of these maps, which contained this chart, in the year 1784.

PLATTSBURGH.

This village is pleasantly situated on both banks of the Saranac river, at the foot of Cumberland Bay. It derived its name from Zephaniah Platt, the original proprietor, subsequent to the revolution. It was rendered memorable during the war of 1812, by the brilliant naval and military victories, of which it was the theatre. In 1813, Col. Murray, of the British army, made a predatory incursion, and occupied for a brief period the village, burning and carrying off a large amount of public and private property, here and in the vicinity. In the ensuing summer, Gen. Izard was ordered to the Niagara frontier with all the effective army, leaving Gen. Macomb with a small fragmentary force to defend the important port. It mainly consisted of three earth works: Ft. Moreau, the largest, in the centre; Ft. Brown, on the bank of the river, and Ft. Scott, on the margin of the lake. The ruins of these works still exist, and will be visited with deep interest by the tourist. The fleet of MacDonough was moored in the bay, stretching in a line from Crab Island to the Peninsula of Cumberland Head.

On the 5th of September, Sir George Provost, the Governor General of Canada, reached the Brick Tavern, eight miles from Plattsburgh on the Chazy road, with an army of fourteen thousand men, formed by some of the choicest regiments in the British service. At this point, one column diverged

in order to approach Plattsburgh by the Beekmantown road, while the main body was to advance upon the road it occupied, and along the beach of the lake. Major, afterwards the distinguished General Wool, was dispatched with two hundred regulars, to sustain the militia riflemen, who were hovering along the British line of march. He met and interchanged shots with the British advance in Beekmantown, but fell back to Culver's Hill, four and a half miles from Plattsburgh, where a brief, but gallant action occurred, in which Lt.-Col. Willington and Ensign Chapman of the third Buffs, were killed. Wool fell back to Halsey's Corners, a mile and a half from Plattsburgh, where the road turns in both directions at right angles. In this commanding position Capt. Leonard placed a battery of two guns, masked by Wool, and a small party of Militia. Three terrible discharges were poured into the British column by this battery, making long lanes through its ranks, marked by a bloody track. Here Lt. Kingsbury, of the Buffs, was mortally wounded, and died in the house of Mr. Isaac C. Platt, on the elevated ground. The gallant veterans did not falter a moment; the trumpet sounded the charge, and throwing off their knapsacks to the right and left of the road, they rushed impetuously down the slope to assail the American position. Leonard hastily retreated, and took a position at the east end of the lower bridge, to protect the retreat of the detachments. In the meanwhile, the other column had advanced more slowly, impeded by obstacles formed in the road, the destruction of the Dead Creek bridge by Colonel Appling and Major Sproul, commanding the American detachments, and the attack by several galleys of MacDonough's fleet, as the column was crossing the beach at the

foot of the bay. The planks were removed by the Americans from both bridges in the village, and the material used for the construction of batteries. The British made several attempts to cross the river at these points, each of which were gallantly repulsed. The losses of both armies were severe in the engagements of this day, amounting to forty-five Americans and more than three hundred British, killed and wounded. The resistance by the Americans was very essentially aided by a company of volunteers commanded by Capt. Aiken, of Essex County, and composed of youths, whose age exempted them from military duty. They had distinguished themselves on the Beekmantown road, and now, occupying a stone mill near the lower bridge, assailed the enemy by an active and effective fire. In 1826, Congress, to manifest its appreciation of their valor and patriotism, presented to each member of this company an elegant rifle.

The British commander was engaged, up to the 10th, in erecting a line of batteries and redoubts, which extended from the mouth of the Saranac in various commanding positions, to a point above the burial ground. The Americans were equally active in strengthening their different works. On the 7th, Lt. Runk was mortally wounded near the first corner west of Fouquet's Hotel. Skirmishes were constantly in progress, and a detachment which attempted to ford the river five miles above, was repulsed with loss by Capt. Vaughan of the militia. The night of the 9th was dark and tempestuous, and Major McGlassin of the 15th Infantry, availing himself of the favorable circumstances, with a party of fifty men, from Ft. Brown, forded the river and assailed a detachment of three hundred British troops, lying on the bluff opposite, in front and rear

with tremendous shouts. The British abandoned the battery, in wild precipitation, and McGlassin, after spiking their guns, returned to the fort without losing a single man. A tradition states that one of the intrepid band was killed by the British sentinel. The 11th September, 1814, was a beautiful and tranquil Sabbath. Early in the morning, discharges of cannon, by the British fleet scaling their guns for action, were heard, and soon the upper spars of the vessels were discovered over the tree-tops, moving slowly on the opposite northern side of the peninsula. The American fleet was anchored in a line nearly north and south, extending from Crab Island to Cumberland Head. The position was selected by MacDonough with eminent skill and judgment. Both ends of his line were protected by the arrangement, and lying somewhat inside of the Point, he held the advantage of the wind, when the British fleet, running before a northerly breeze, changed its course, and attempted, as was necessary, to approach him from a southerly direction. The Brig Eagle, Capt. Henley, of twenty guns, occupied the head of the line. The flag-ship Saratoga, twenty-six guns, lay next; then in succession the Ticonderoga, Lieut. Cassin, seventeen guns, and the sloop Peble, seven guns. The ten gunboats were stationed in a second line. The British fleet consisted of the Confiance, Capt. Downie, thirty-seven guns; Linnet, Capt. Pring, sixteen guns; the sloop Chub, Lieut. McGhee, seven guns, and Finch, Lieut. Hicks, seven guns, and twelve gunboats. The American fleet mounted eighty-six guns, manned by eight hundred and eighty-two men: the British fleet carried ninety-five guns, with an aggregate crew of more than one

thousand men. The weight of metal, and calibre of the guns, were equally favorable to the British.

Our limited space precludes the attempt at a description of this battle, contested with a heroic courage and sanguinary carnage that have few parallels in the annals of naval conflicts. An ample and graphic account of it will be found in Palmer's *Lake Champlain*. Capt. Downie was killed early in the action; MacDonough was twice stricken down; Capt. Alexander, of the British marines, Lieut. Paul, midshipman Gunn and boatswain Jackson were killed. The American loss embraced Lieut. Gamble, Lieut. Stansbury, who was cut asunder by a round shot, and knocked from on board the *Ticonderoga*; midshipman Baldwin, sailing master Carter, and pilot Joseph Barron. The engagement continued two hours and a half, when the British ships successively struck their flags. The gunboats, after having surrendered, effected their escape, owing to the fact that not a single mast in either fleet was able to bear canvass, and the American gunboats were engaged in rescuing the crews from the (as was supposed,) sinking British vessels. Crowds of anxious spectators lined the Vermont shores, and gathered upon the adjacent hills and headlands of New York, to witness the novel and fearful spectacle. The battle was ended; but many gloomy and agitated hours elapsed before the excited masses could receive authentic intelligence of the glorious result. A personal friend of MacDonough informed the writer, that he boarded the *Saratoga* immediately after the close of the battle, when the blood was yet unwashed from the decks, and the horrid evidence of the strife were not removed; that he found MacDonough calmly

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pace the main deck without exhibiting any appearance of excitement or exultation.

The advance of the British fleet was the signal for the opening of the batteries upon the American works, and their assault by three assailing parties. The attacks at the upper and lower bridges were repulsed, but a few companies succeeded in crossing the Saranac near Pike's cantonment, where they were opposed by the militia under Gen. Mooers and Gen. Wight. The militia retreated nearly to Salmon river, four miles south, where, being joined by parties of Vermont Volunteers, and Lieut. Sumpter with a field piece, they rallied and drove back the British. One company of the 76th regiment was bewildered in the dense pine woods, cut off, and every man either captured or slain, with their commander, Capt. Purchase. The capture of the fleet changed the entire aspect of the campaign, and rendered the advance of Provost alike useless and impracticable. Crowds of volunteers and militia from Vermont and all the northern counties, inflamed by a noble enthusiasm, were rushing to the scene and would soon envelope the British army. The cannonade was maintained by the British until night, when, under its mantle, Provost hurried on the retreat with his baggage and artillery, which were hastily followed by the army. Before morning the rear guard had marched, abandoning a vast quantity of stores and munitions, and leaving the sick and wounded to be cared for by the humanity of the American General. Wild and extravagant tales long excited the credulous in that region, of immense treasure buried, and gold and silver hidden in wells and other receptacles, by the flying enemy. The common sailors and marines, slain in the action, of both fleets, were buried in one grave on Crab Island.

The bodies of the British and American officers, received from their respective ships, were borne in a solemn procession of barges to the shore, and there met by the citizens and military, bearing the corpses of those slain on the land, were carried to the sepultures and deposited in honored graves, with equal rites. The tomb of Downie, beneath the dark shadows of the emblematic pines, is the central mound, around which cluster the graves of the heroic dead of kindred nations. Years afterwards, the generous impulses of the people erected, without distinction of friend and foe, a commemorative stone at the head of each grave. The hand of domestic affection had already placed a marble slab over the remains of Downie.

The village of Plattsburgh has suffered severely from several destructive fires, but has arisen from each infliction in augmented beauty and renovated vigor. This is attested by the massive blocks of new stores, and manufactories; its elegant churches, public buildings and fine private residences. It possesses various manufactories, but the predominant industry is the vast lumbering establishments it embraces. The water power afforded by the Saranac, on and contiguous to the village, is very large, and is chiefly occupied by lumber-mills. The mills owned or worked by C. F. Norton & Co., contain ten gates, and average in the active season, running day and night, eighteen thousand pieces, or one hundred and eighty thousand feet. An immense amount of every description of lumber, fabricated by the numerous mills along the Saranac, is also shipped at Plattsburgh. The pieces cut at the Plattsburgh mills alone would load daily two canal boats. The logs destined to supply these mills are cut in the wilderness and floated, by a wonderful

combination of energy and skill, through the interior lakes and down the Saranac, a distance between eighty and ninety miles. Those driven through to Plattsburgh mills are estimated to average yearly one hundred thousand standard, and four hundred thousand by count. The number of logs transported by the Saranac to the different mills above Plattsburgh cannot accurately be ascertained. They probably reach in an average of years, forty thousand standard, which may be computed at one hundred and sixty thousand in numbers. The driving of logs presents a novel and most exciting scene. Plunging over a fall, they are swallowed up for the time in the vortex of waters; they rush along rapids, cover the surface of the river in places for miles, but a jam, the accumulation of the logs, caused by some obstruction, is the danger most necessary to be avoided. A small army of trained and stalwart men are stationed at various points, at which this catastrophe is liable to happen. Every log must be kept afloat in the current; the stoppage of one will often arrest the progress of thousands, and when a formidable jam is once formed, it can only be broken up by vast labor and expense. The feats of courage, strength and activity of these men is often amazing. Nothing could more gratify a tourist than the opportunity of witnessing this operation.

The Saranac, above Plattsburgh, presents a constant succession of valuable mill privileges, many of which are occupied by large and important sawing establishments. The processes by which the several proprietors identify and select their own logs are curious and interesting. The logs, when cut in the forest, are impressed with the special mark of each owner, rolled promiscuously into the river, and float down in a mass. Booms are constructed at each

mill, not at right angles with the stream, but lengthwise on each side, leaving a narrow channel for the passage of the logs. Each owner, as the logs rush through this channel, seizes, by various devices, his own property, and thrusts it within his boom.

Various other objects besides those we have indicated, in Plattsburgh, worthy of attention, will amuse and interest the visitor. Among these we may enumerate a call at the Catholic Convent and Nunnery, a visit which the traveller of taste and refinement will desire to again and again repeat; to the Greenhouse and Vineyard of the Messrs. Bailey, and a stroll to the retired Cemetery on the banks of the river. The stranger will instinctively direct his steps to the military graves: wandering from these, he will find the last resting place of men who where not only eminent in the section, but distinguished in the state and nation. Among these he may read the names upon the monumental marbles of Zephaniah Platt, Jonas Platt, Benjamin Mooers, John Palmer, William Swetland and Lemuel Stetson. If the wanderer loves to do homage to early genius, and deplores an untimely death, he will be attracted by the pathos that lingers about the humble grave of Lucretia M. Davidson. Rowing or sailing, in boats always ready for use, and fishing if desired, will be pleasant recreations. The drives about Plattsburgh are peculiarly agreeable. That on the plank road up the Saranac, besides the opportunity of witnessing the driving of the logs, is particularly attractive, by the romantic character of the streams, the grandeur of the great falls, eighteen miles from Plattsburgh, and the beauty of the country. A plank road leading to the State Prison (sixteen miles) at Dannemora branches at Elsinour. The visitor will be interested by an inspection of

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the prison and workshops—guides are always furnished by the courteous warden or agent,—and by the exploration of the iron ore bed.

Good accommodations will be afforded by hotels at different villages along the Saranac, and at Dannemora; the table of the Clinton House is always supplied with the choice trout from Chazy Lake. Dannemora is situated at an elevation above Lake Champlain of almost seventeen thousand feet; but the ascent from Plattsburgh is scarcely perceptible. The view from this height is eminently grand and beautiful. A wide expanse of Champlain; the rich intervening country; the silver thread of the Saranac; the long sierra of the Green Mountains, and countless peaks of the Adirondacks are all embraced in the landscape. Dannemora is the direct route to Chazy Lake, (five miles), a lovely sheet of water, and a favorite resort to the sportsman. It is no where surpassed by the quantity and exquisite quality of the fish it yields. In exceptional cases, trout weighing twenty pounds have been taken in its waters. The road to the Lake was built by the State, and is always in good condition. The Meader Hotel, an excellent house, stands directly on the shore of the lake. At the termination of the road, in close proximity to Chazy Lake, stands "Lion Mountain," a prominent land-mark, visible through an extended area, which is much admired for the singularity of its form and position. Bradley's Pond, lying west (two miles) is reached by a comfortable road. A pathway extends (six miles) to Chateauguy Lake. Chazy Lake (five miles, by one and one half miles in its widest part) is greatly celebrated for its gentle and picturesque beauties, and its attraction to the sportsman. The season for trolling extends from about the 1st of May to the mid-

dle of June; when fly fishing begins and continues through the season. Lion Mountain is about five thousand feet high. It received its name from a striking similitude in form it presents to "the King of beasts."

Trent Falls, an attractive locality nine miles from Plattsburgh, is reached by a pleasant drive. The tourist will find an exciting occupation in tracing and identifying the various scenes of historic interest, we have described with so much minuteness, for the purpose of aiding his researches.

The Au Sable Chasm, one of the most wonderful works of Nature in the country, may be visited from Plattsburgh by a drive of about twelve miles, over a road which for several miles runs directly on the margin of the lake, and by fording the Au Sable river, if preferred; or the Chasm may be reached by steamer to Port Kent, and thence three miles by coaches which always meet the boats. In an excursion to the Au Sauble Chasm, the drive might be pleasantly diversified by a circuit over Hallock, or by a visit to the mouth of the Au Sable river. These localities we shall describe in another connection.

A trip from Plattsburgh to Port Henry by the steamers, and return the same day, will afford the tourist an opportunity of seeing the most interesting portion of the lake and its scenery. We have space to refer to only one other drive in this connection, the circuit of Cumberland Head, by a fine road, skirting the lake, of which an extensive view is constantly presented. The road passes the farm granetd to MacDonough by the State of Vermont, the light-house at the point, and the place where Burgoyne first assembled and organized his army in 1777.

The trip of the steamer A. Williams, between

Plattsburgh and St. Albans, affords to the tourist one of the most delightful excursions on the lake. Leaving Plattsburgh in the morning, she first stops at Gorden's wharf, where passengers land who intend visiting the Iodine Springs, three miles distant on the opposite side of the island. These springs, which are becoming highly celebrated, are beautifully situated, overlooking Keeler's Bay, among the finest fishing grounds in the region, and furnish, by the qualities of the water, its quiet seclusion, and the commodiousness of its boarding-houses, a most agreeable resort to those in pursuit of health or pleasure. The proprietor of these springs is Mr. Warren Corbin.

The steamer has sufficient capacity for the transportation of horses and carriages, and stops at various landings on both islands, North and South Hero. Visitors are thus enabled, with their own conveyances, to enjoy drives through a cultivated and beautiful country, and over roads that are no where surpassed in their singular excellence. These drives may be extended by the different ferries to the Isle La Mott. This is a pleasant spot, where the site of the old French fort La Mothe may be traced. On the north end of the island is a light-house.

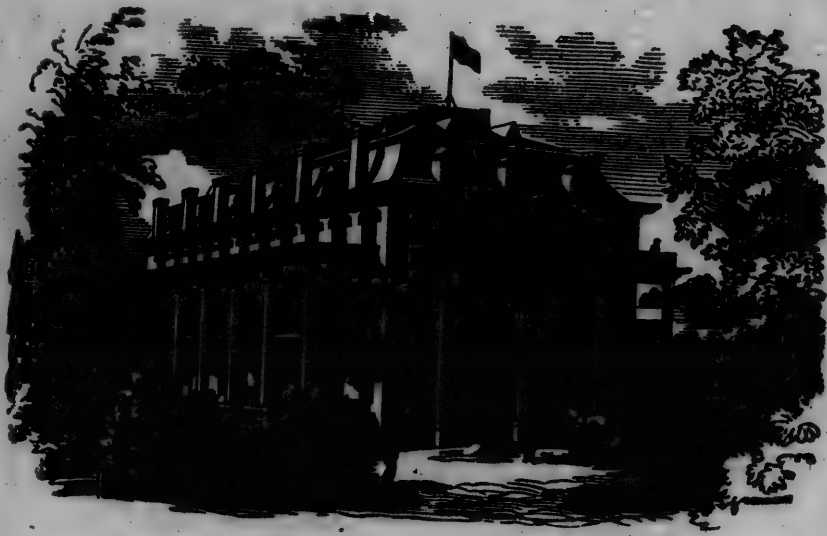
In pursuing this route, we will venture to transcribe a notice of it by the writer, published many years ago. "Suddenly our little steamer headed landward, and for a moment we feared she must be crushed upon the rocks; but presently we enter a narrow passage, which had been hidden from our view by a projecting tongue of land. After threading for a mile or two the intricate channel, which separates North and South Hero,—beautiful islands that are the garden spots of Vermont,—we debouch upon an expanse of water, equal almost in expanse

to the broadest portion of the lake. Here a scene bursts upon us, in a vision of unsurpassed beauty and splendor, like the enchantments of fairy land. This broad sheet of quiet and secluded water is encircled in the arms of the mainland and the two Heros. Innumerable islands gem its bosom in every variety of form and aspect: there a dark, frowning rock; this glowing in emerald verdure, and that smiling in culture and loveliness. A wide district of rich and luxuriant agricultural territory, embellished by villages and glittering with farm houses and villages, spread in a beautiful, undulating acclivity from the shore of the lake to the distant range of mountains, which, like a dark and majestic frame-work, surrounds and limits the scenery. This is one of the most beautiful, as it is among the most sequestered, regions of Vermont; but is seldom pressed by the foot of the traveller, whose eye rarely glances upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, except as he is borne through it upon the wings of steam." The memory of the classic tourist, as he traverses Lake Champlain, often reverts to the archipelago of the Ægean, but nowhere is the assimilation so strong as in the section we are now contemplating. The terminus of the passage is at Belamaqueen, or St. Albans Bay, three miles from the village of St. Albans; from whence stages run regularly, in connection with the boat. The first canal boat that reached New York, through the Champlain Canal, was built and owned at this port.

We now return in our staunch little steamer and resume our notices of Plattsburgh. The hotels of Plattsburgh have established high reputations. The Cumberland House and Witherill's hotel are both excellent and convenient houses, spacious in their

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Fouquet's Hotel, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

arrangements, and calculated for the accommodation of a large number of guests. Fouquet's Hotel has been long a prominent institution of its kind, and familiarly known, for more than seventy years to the travelling community. This family, through this long period, have been accomplished hotel keepers, both from education and hereditary qualities. Their American progenitor came to this country with La Fayette, and remaining, opened a public house in Albany. His son, John L. Fouquet, in 1798, erected an hotel near the site occupied by the present beautiful edifice. That building,—one of first class for the period,—was burned during the siege of 1814, by hot shot from the fort. In 1815, a second house was erected on the same ground, with an improvement both in style and dimensions. This, by repeated additions, had grown into a large and commodious establishment, but in June, 1864, it also was consumed. With an energy unsubdued by this calamity and with unfaltering enterprise, the Messrs. D. L. Fouquet & Son commenced the erection of the third edifice, and the next year, on the same day in June in which the last had been burned, they opened a new and splendid hotel for the reception of guests. Such an invincible spirit claims a success, which we trust will be achieved. The new building is an elegant and spacious structure, not less imposing by its dimensions and position, than attractive by the novelty and beauty of its architecture. It is capable of accomodating one hundred and fifty guests, and with a style and elegance that is always satisfactory. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and supplied with every promotive of comfort and enjoyment. The grounds and flower garden, animate with beauty and redolent with fragrance, afford a most agreeable retreat.

The broad piazzas on two sides of the house, and the promenade upon the roof, afford a wide and delightful view of the lake, the battle ground, the village, the surrounding country, and the mountains on every side. This house, by its beautiful and spacious grounds, and quiet, furnishes peculiarly safe and pleasant accommodations for the residence of ladies and children, during the summer.

The large brick stables, standing on the grounds, and erected at a cost of \$6,000, will delight the amateur in horses by their perfect and elaborate arrangements. They are intended for the accommodation of guests who bring their own horses and carriages, as well as to furnish teams for rides and excursions. A livery is attached to the house. (See appendix.) Other excellent Livery stables are always prepared to supply any demand.

The second edifice flourished in the palmy times of travelling, when men journeyed at a rational speed to see and enjoy the country and the incidents of the road. Then the Post Coach occupied two days between Ogdensburgh and Plattsburgh; but in the romance of the journey was the transit of the Chateaugay woods, along the government road a distance of forty miles, through nearly an unbroken wilderness, where the traveller might frequently see deer gazing from the bushes, and occasionally a wolf prowling along the road. In those days, when a delicious, fresh salmon was in request, Fouquet had only to examine his seine at the foot of the mill-race, or that failing, to select a victim and spear him from a school gamboling beneath the lower bridge.



View from the Plaza of Fouquet's Hotel, showing the position of the fleets during the engagement of 1914.

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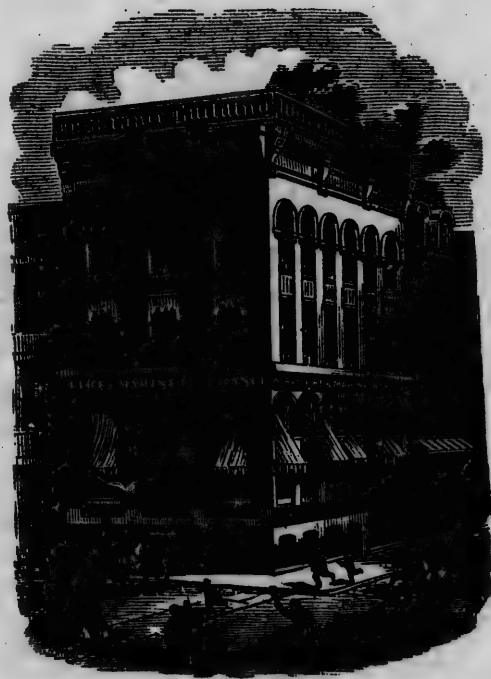
BURLINGTON.

We will now return to Burlington, and then resume the thread of our narrative. The natural position of this place is so perfect, that we can scarcely conceive how it could be improved by the handy work of nature. The lake, studded by its innumerable islands and headlands, lies before it like a broad picture ; distant groups of the Adirondacks rising to the vision far in the interior beyond ; the Green Mountains stretching along its eastern sky, and the city ascending, by a gentle acclivity, which reveals these objects to every eye, combine to render the panorama complete and entrancing. Burlington is rapidly expanding in business and population. It has a lumber market, the growth of a few years, second in extent to only one or two in the country. It presents a large space of wharfage, extending along its entire front, with an immense area of new ground wrested from the lake and filled in at a great expense. The planing mills is said to be probably the most extensive in the world. The various work-shops and mills connected with the lumber yards are worthy inspection, as well as the other varied and extensive manufactories in the city. The University of Vermont, to which the Agricultural College has been recently connected, is the prominent feature of Burlington. Its buildings occupy an eminence that presents a wide view.

The altitude of Tahawas, or Mt. Marcy, has been ascertained from its observatory. In 1825, La Fayette laid the corner stone of its central edifice. The University is now prosperous, and has established a high standing, from the services of a long line of eminent men in its faculty. The public buildings in the city are numerous, and many of them erected in a superior style. Among the recent structures are the Merchants National Bank and the Insurance Buildings of the Messrs. Wires, the seat of one of the most extensive, best conducted, and reliable Insurance Agencies in the country, will be particularly noticed.

The Depots of the Rutland and Burlington and Central roads are elegant and spacious buildings. A change in the railroads has temporarily suspended the occupation of the former. The large and beautiful ground of Col. Cannon are continually opened to visitors.

The drives and excursions in the vicinity are numerous and pleasant. We may particularize a drive through "Howard's Summit," a visit to the ship-yard at Shelburn harbor, and Proctor's private yard,—a stroll in the green-house and nursery of Mr. A. Taylor,—a ride to Mallett's Bay, that always secures fine sport,—and where should be examined the quarry of variegated marble, a rare and beautiful production. Here is a good Hotel. A sojourn in Burlington would want its crowning interest, without a pilgrimage being made to the grave and monument of Ethan Allen, in the Green Mount Cemetery. Here, and in the Old Burial Ground in Burlington, are the graves of many distinguished men. We may enumerate among them James Marsh, the eminent Metaphysical writer; Zadock Thomspon, the Historian and Naturalist; Joseph Torrey, the



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profound Greek scholar, and the distinguished President, John Wheeler.

The magnificent water works of Burlington will attract the attention of the visitor. The "Lake View Cemetery," a beautiful and extensive "City of the Dead," has been recently arranged and dedicated. It has been located with great taste and judgment, directly upon the shore of the lake, from which it ascends in a graceful slope: The stranger will find this one of the most interesting rides in the vicinity of Burlington.

The visitor will not omit to inspect the Custom House and Marine Hospital, now used as an Orphan's home. The hotels at Burlington are excellent. The American is an old and highly esteemed first-class establishment, and occupies a part of the former residence of Gov. Van Ness. (See appendix.) The Van Ness is a new house, spacious, elegantly arranged, and superior in all its appointments, and is calculated to afford every comfort and accommodation to the traveller. The Lawrence House is a superior house, and will be especially used as a summer boarding-house.

Among the excursions from Burlington, which will merit the attention of the tourist, none will be found more pleasant and gratifying than a passage across the lake to Port Kent, and a visit to the Ausable Chasm and Keeseville. Leaving Burlington by the morning boat, the party will find carriages in attendance at Port Kent, (or they may transport their own by the steamer,) to convey them to both places; and after a day of exciting enjoyment, may return to Burlington by the evening steamer. After viewing the stupendous operations of nature at the Chasm, they may expatiate among the trees in the pleasures of a pic-nic, or an excellent meal

will be found at the "Chasm House" near by. If a visit to Keeseville is embraced in the programme, they will reach there by a ride of only two miles, over a fine road,—calling at the Rolling Mill, one of the most perfectly appointed in the country, viewing just below it a beautiful fall, and have the enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries of the superior hotels of this village. The varied and peculiar manufactories should claim examination.

We learn that arrangements have been made by which passengers through Lake Champlain may procure tickets at any principal ticket office, passing them from Plattsburgh to Ausable Chasm and return for \$1.50. And also, that parties between Lake Champlain and the White Mountains, may obtain similar tickets at the same places, which will enable them to stop over at Burlington, and with only the detention of a single day, to visit Plattsburgh and the Chasm. A short increase of time, and slight extra charge, will afford an opportunity of visiting Keeseville.

MT. MANSFIELD AND CAMEL'S HUMP.

Each of these summits, the two highest in Vermont, is a conspicuous object, in view from Burlington. They may be reached by pleasant drives from this place; but the most convenient method is by cars to the different points on the railroad from which they are accessible. Leaving Burlington from the splendid Central depot, we pass Winooski Falls, which may be regarded a suburb of the city. The tourist seeking Mt. Mansfield, may stop at Essex Junction, 8 miles, where coaches will be found to convey him to Underhill, from whence he can easily reach the mountain; or he may continue twenty-two miles, to Waterbury. This village is agreeable as a summer residence, and in convenient distance to Mt. Mansfield, Camel's Hump, Bolton Falls and other points of interest, (Waterbury House.) Stages leave this station for Stowe (ten miles) on the arrival of the trains. This village is a favorite summer retreat. It is eight miles from the top of Mt. Mansfield, which is reached by stages, over a good and secure carriage road. Interesting excursions are secured by drives to Bolton Falls, Moss Glen Falls, Smugglers' Notch, and other places. (Mt. Mansfield House, see appendix.) The Smuggler's Notch is associated with many stirring traditions

of a lawless period, to which its lofty precipices and wild scenery eminently conform. Beyond this gorge, in a dense, gloomy forest, the explorer will discover the "Mammoth Spring," bursting out of the side of Sterling Mountain, in a large stream. West of the Notch, on the northern spur of Mansfield, lies the "Lake of the Clouds," one of the highest bodies of water in New England. The Glen Moss Falls is one of the wildest and most beautiful scenes in this region of romance and beauty.

Mansfield Mountain derived its name from the Town of Mansfield, in which it was situated. The town has been discontinued. The mountain exhibits three summits, designated the Chin, the Nose, and the Forehead, from a fancied resemblance to the human profile. The Chin, the highest of these peaks, is four thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet high. Although more than a thousand feet less than Tahawas in height, Mansfield, from the peculiarity of its position, commands a far more extended landscape. The vision embraces the Champlain Valley, and the lake, with the far-distant Adirondacks in the West. The Montreal Mountain is visible with the naked eye, and it is stated that steamers are discerned, with the aid of a glass, upon the St. Lawrence. The clearly defined outline of the White Mountains, sixty miles away, may be seen along the eastern sky, with all the intervening mountains, rivers and valleys. All this combination of diversified scenery produces an effect indescribably impressive and magnificent. The mountain, in its winding ascent, presents scenes of infinite beauty and grandeur. The access to the summit has been rendered convenient by the construction of a good road, at a heavy expense. Passengers are conducted in a

coach and six from the Mansfield House to the Summit House. A temporary stop will be made at the Half-Way House, where a large spring, bursting from the side of the mountain, in an impetuous volume, may be enjoyed. From this point to the Summit House is two miles. Near the hotel, you will catch, farther to the west, the first view of the "Old Man of the Mountain," whose lineaments are quite well defined. The Summit House is spacious and convenient and capable of holding one hundred guests. It is situated near the Nose. This hotel and the road have been built by the proprietors of Mansfield House. (See appendix.) Both are well kept hostelries, and together are adapted to the accommodation of five hundred visitors. The Geological developments at the top of Mount Mansfield, possess the highest interest.

CAMEL'S HUMP.—The change, from the rich poetical name of Leon Couchant, applied by the French nomenclature to this peak, to its present unfortunate appellation, we have mentioned. Camel's Hump is four thousand eighty-three feet high, and second only among the Green Mountains in altitude to Mount Mansfield. It stands out in bold relief, and with an imposing attitude, from the range. Ridley Station,—(North Duxbury, P. O.)—twenty-five miles from Burlington, is three from the mountain, and the most convenient point of access. Carriages convey passengers from this station three miles up the mountain, and from that point the ascent is made on foot or upon horses. "Near the summit is a building, where shelter and refreshments may be had." The peak is formed of naked rocks, hurled together in chaotic masses. From this lofty observatory the eye ranges over the

wide view, unobstructed by forests or mountain tops. The prospect from Camel's Hump is very similar and scarcely secondary to that unfolded to the observer at Mansfield Mountain.

Vermont and Canada Railroad.

We now take a new departure from the depot at Burlington. The train passes, soon after leaving, through a deep cut in the sand bluff, eighty-five feet deep and about twenty-five rods in length. This opening has revealed to the geologist a most attractive field for examination. After passing this cut, we enter a magnificent and tasteful tunnel, three hundred and fifty feet long. At the entrance it is nineteen feet high, and in some parts sixteen ft. wide. It is built with brick, faced at the entrance by arches of black limestone. In excavating for this tunnel a live toad was discovered in "a small smooth cavity" in the sand, eighty feet from the surface. When found it was in a torpid state, but soon recovered animation, and lived six months. Its skin is preserved. (Vermont Geology.) Winooski village (two miles) is a thriving manufacturing place, on the vast power at the Winooski Falls. The tourist will enjoy, as the train slowly crosses the high bridges over this stream,—now rushing through deep gorges; now turbulently dashing down rugged precipices, and again quietly winding along lovely valley,—some of the most beautiful scenery in Ver-

mont. The Winooski, in 1808, was the scene of an event that aroused the deepest sensation. A party of Custom house officers attempted to seize a smuggling boat called the Black Snake, lying in the river. The smugglers resisted, and killed two of the officers. Subsequently one of the crew was convicted of the murder, and was executed at Burlington. This whole region, at that time, was filled with violence and outrage. Armed bands of smugglers openly traversed the country, trampling on the laws and putting the power of the government at defiance. We pass rapidly over a fine track through Colchester, Milton and Georgia, in the midst, generally, of a highly cultivated and interesting country. In Milton a striking curiosity, the Great Falls on the Lamoille river, should be visited. The descent of the water is one hundred and fifty feet, in fifty rods. Near the Georgia station, the traveller will notice a remarkable bridge over the Lamoille, formed by three spans of one hundred and fifty feet each,—erected at an expense of \$70,000. The entire trip to St. Albans (13 miles) is singularly agreeable and attractive.

ST. ALBANS

Is among the most delightful villages, and attractive resorts in Vermont, and is equally conspicuous for the high toned refinement and culture of its people. The village is situated about three miles from the lake, and upon a plain four hundred feet above it. To an observer looking forth towards the west from Aldis Hill, or the Bellevue Moun-

tain, a landscape is revealed that the pencil of no artist can adequately portray. Our unwavering expression of admiration in describing the scenery of Champlain may lead readers, whose eyes have not rested on the beautiful visions, that we are betrayed into the rhapsodies of an enthusiast. We may only reply that while the surveys that meet the eye of the tourist are ever varying and fresh, they will maintain one uniformity,—their common characteristics of grandeur and beauty.

The public edifices that adorn St. Albans are of a high order; and the private dwellings are often elegant. Here are collected the business offices of numerous railroads, which are guided mainly by the intelligence and energy of residents of St. Albans. This is the residence of Hon. J. Gregory Smith, who is at the head of a vast railroad local combination, and President of the Northern Pacific R. R. It has a fine station house and freight depot, on a magnificent scale; but a stranger visiting the bustling spot on a market day would deem it scarcely sufficient for the business which concentrates there. He will be astonished at the enormous amount of dairy products exported from week to week; and when he reflects that this is but a single department, stimulated by the agriculture of the region, may form some conception of its vast productions,—of the magnitude of the business of which these roads are the channel. The cemetery of St. Albans is especially hallowed by the ashes of the venerated dead, among whom we may mention, Asa Aldis, Worthington Smith, Benjamin Swift, John Smith, and the sweet poetess, Charlotte Emily Fay.

Main street, a long and spacious avenue, ornamented by splendid stores, the park and workshops, are all attractive objects. The elegant mansion of

Gov. Smith, occupying an eminence east of the village, is a conspicuous feature in the beauty of the place. St. Albans has been unpleasantly notorious, for two public events; a raid from Canada upon it by a party of rebels during the late war, and subsequently it was made the central point of a recent Fenian movement. The Weldon House, located near the depot, and contiguous to the Weldon Spring, from which it derives its name, is in every respect a first-class hotel. It is pleasantly situated; contains more than two hundred rooms, airy and large; and is distinguished for the general superiority of its appointments and modern elegances.

Stages run regularly from St. Albans to Sheldon (nine miles,) in connection with the hotels, situated among the celebrated mineral waters, of that locality, known as the Missisquoi Springs. The great number of these springs,—thirteen being clustered in an area of a single acre,—the diversity of their properties, and sanitary reputation, combined with the beauty of the region, renders the place a very favorite resort to the invalid and tourist. The hotels are good and some of them spacious and elegant. (The Missisquoi Hotel.) The Missisquoi Spring Hotel is a first-class house, and pleasantly situated on an eminence overlooking a magnificent landscape.

Sheldon, is a pleasant village on the Missisquoi river. Near this village is Central Spring, somewhat similar in its qualities to the Missisquoi water. The Vermont Spring is a new and valuable spring. The Sheldon Spring lies about two miles from Sheldon village. Several excellent hotels have been constructed for the accommodation of visitors at these springs. The most prominent of these are the Bellevue and Vermont, at Sheldon; and the

Congress Hall and Missisquoi Valley House, at Sheldon Spring. This place is about eight miles from St. Albans, from whence regular stages run.

The railroad divides a short distance beyond St. Albans. The branch running to St. Johns passes East Swanton (nine miles) after crossing the Missisquoi river, and Highgate (four miles), which is the last station in the United States. St. Johns is the only important station in Canada, before reaching Montreal. This road enters Montreal by the great Tubular bridge. The Highgate Springs are situated near the Vermont and Canada Railway and about twelve miles from St. Albans.

The Franklin House, with its cottages, is pleasantly situated in a thick grove, near the spring, a short distance from Missisquoi Bay, and is large and commodious. The numerous attractions it possesses, from the celebrity of the water, the character of the house, the beauty of the situation, and its fine sporting grounds, have rendered Highgate a popular resort.

The Missisquoi Branch of the Vt. Central has recently been constructed from St. Albans to Sheldon.

Starting from the St. Albans depot on the Rouse's Point branch of the road, we reach (nine miles) Swanton. Before arriving at the station the tourist will remark extensive quarries of Winooski marble, slate-rock, a large range of lime kilns, and an immense accumulation of quick-lime. A short distance beyond the lime kilns may be noticed an extraordinary material used in filling in the track, and taken from a deposit adjacent, through which the railroad passes. This deposit is formed of nearly pure marine shell. (Geology of Vermont). The falls at Swanton create a valuable water power, which is utilized by various manufactories. Pas-

sengers stop here who intend to proceed to Highgate Springs. The traveller has left the region of mountains, and brawling streams, and now enters on a low, swampy district which is on the verge of that vast northern plain to which we have already adverted. As he approaches Alburgh, he will traverse an admirably constructed bridge, due to the skill and ingenuity of the accomplished architect, Henry R. Campbell. This structure, about a mile long, and containing a drawbridge, spans Missisquoi Bay. Immediately on crossing the bridge he reaches the Alburgh Springs station (sixteen miles), from which a short and pleasant drive conducts him to this celebrated resort. These springs have been known and visited for their medicinal use since 1816, and are constantly growing in public favor.

The historical reader will recollect, that some of the medicinal springs of Europe were revealed to the Romans, by following the beaten track made by animals in resorting to them : so the mineral waters of Vermont, it is noticed, peculiarly delight the domesticated cattle. The Iodine Springs, and we think others, the early settlers discovered by following the paths made by the moose and deer. In opening these springs, numerous remains of horns and hoofs, and other relics of wild quadrupeds, were found gathered about them.

There are two springs at Alburgh, only a few rods apart. Two capacious and excellent hotels have been erected in the vicinity. They stand near the bay and may be reached by boats. The retirement and beauty of the place, the high reputation of the waters, especially in cutaneous and scrofulous affections, and the attractions of driving, boating, fishing and gunning, unite to make Alburgh

popular, both with the invalid and pleasure-seeker. Alburgh Springs House: (see Appendix.)

After passing two small stations, (Alburgh and West Alburgh,) the traveller crosses to Rouse's Point, over the remarkable bridge which connects the Vermont and New York shores. This structure, a wonderful triumph of energy, perseverance and mechanical science, is a mile in length, and contains a draw or floating track, designed to admit the passage of vessels navigating the Sorelle. This draw was designed to be three hundred and fifty feet long, and in its unique and remarkable construction has no antecedent. This also was the work and invention of Mr. Campbell. We have no space to attempt a description of the plan or its operation, which invite the examination of all observing tourists. The landscape, on every side, presented while crossing the bridge, is eminently fine. We are now in the great valley of the St. Lawrence. The massive stone structure, directly at the north, which is gradually attaining such vast dimensions, and promises such stupendous strength, is Fort Montgomery, in progress of erection by the government. (Massachusetts House.) Rouse's Point, (twenty-three miles,) is the point of junction of three railroads; the Vermont and Canada, Ogdensburgh and Champlain and the Montreal and Lake Champlain, or Montreal, St. Johns and Rouse's Point. The stations and distances from Rouse's Point are Lacolle, six miles; Stottsville, seven miles; Grand Ligne, sixteen miles; St. Johns, twenty-three miles; La Cadie, thirty miles; Brosseaus, thirty-eight miles; St. Lambert, forty-three miles; Montreal, fifty miles.

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Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain Railroad.

From Rouse's Point to Ogdensburgh, its terminus, this road is one hundred and eighteen miles in length. It is celebrated for the luxuriant arrangements of its cars, and its high speed. Champlain (four miles,) is a neat and thriving village on the Big Chazy river, which is navigable nearly to that point, and affords a superior motive power, which is amply occupied. Perry's Mills, (three miles); Mooer's Junction, (five miles); where the Montreal and Plattsburgh Railroad connects. In the north-western part of this town is a natural curiosity,—its great attractiveness demands more attention than it has received. It is called the Gulf, and is a gorge three hundred feet deep, and about the same width. Perpendicular walls of Potsdam sand-stone enclose it on both sides, and at the bottom lies a pond of fabulous depths. Centreville, three miles; Wood's Falls, three miles; Altona, three miles; Ellenburgh, eight miles; Summit, eight miles,—a few miles beyond this station a splendid view of the St. Lawrence may be seen from the car windows,—Chateaugay, eight miles. A short distance from the village is a mysterious spring. It evolves bubbles of nitrogen gas, and discharging for a period a large stream, it suddenly intermits the flowing and continues dry for an indefinite term. Near the sta-

tion house is a remarkable chasm two hundred feet deep, piercing the solid rock, through which the Chateaugay river flows. The railroad crosses this stream, on a bridge one hundred and sixty feet above the water. From this point the Chateaugay woods are conveniently accessible. (The Roberts House and Union House). Chateaugay Lake lies a few miles from this place, and is easily reached.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE.—We are indebted to the facile and graphic pen of an intelligent lady, for a description of this beautiful locality. "The lake is situated about eight miles from Chateaugay village. Carriages meet the trains at the depot, and convey passengers to the lower lake, by a pleasant ride of about two hours. Here is a good hotel, where sportsmen will be furnished with board, boats and guides, at reasonable charges. At the wharf, in front of the hotel, lies the "Nelly Tupper" always "steamed up". This lake is two miles in length and one wide, and surrounded by fine mountain scenery and rocky shores. Leaving this water, the tourist enters the Narrows, four miles long and half a mile in width, where there is at some points fine fishing. From a point two miles beyond on the west shore, a foot-path leads to Ragged Lake, where the best hunting and fishing may be enjoyed, and reliable guides obtained. The narrows soon widen and the scenery expands. A short turn is made and the upper lake, like magic, is revealed in one of the most lovely views in the world. There are a number of comfortable boarding-houses at desirable points, and excellent sport. On the west shore fine private residences have been constructed by gentlemen of Boston and New York, who spend the summers here with their families. In the centre of the lake is Rock Island, with a small private cottage.

On visiting the spot, one could easily imagine he was in fairy land, the picture is so grand and beautiful, and none should leave the lake without getting a view of it from that point: and few have done so, if we may judge from the hundreds of names recorded there. Chateaugay Lake is one of the most favorable localities in the state for sportsmen and parties, from its easy access to the cars and telegraphs. Sometimes parties, including ladies, incline to stay at the hotel nights and go up the lake in the morning either in small boats or the steamer: others, more romantic, prefer to "shanty out" as we call it, in shanties or tents, a very pleasant arrangement in warm weather. The great difficulty is, parties coming to this or other lakes, expect to find all the luxuries of the city." Chateaugay Lake, is 62 miles, by railroad and stages, from Plattsburgh; Burke, four miles; Malone, eight miles, situated on Salmon River, is a highly prosperous village, and the most important station on the route. The main street is broad and handsome, and lined by many fine public and private buildings. The passage of the track over the deep and narrow gorge of the river, far above the foaming stream, will attract notice, soon after leaving this station. The Ferguson House is one of the largest and best hotels in northern New York. Bangor, six miles; Brush's Mills, five miles; (Giles' Hotel); Moira, three miles; Lawrence, seven miles; Brazier Falls, five miles; (Dunton's Hotel, see Appendix). This is the nearest station to Massena Springs,—five miles,—to which stages run in connection with the trains.

MASSENA SPRINGS.—These waters have been for a long period widely celebrated, and it is a tradition that their healing properties were known to the aborigines. The springs, (of which the St. Regis is

the most important) are five in number, and not essentially different in their medicinal qualities. They are situated on the Raquette river, and are seven miles from Louisville, on the St. Lawrence,—to which stages regularly run,—and four from Long Sault rapids, one of the most attractive scenes on the river. The surroundings of the springs are extremely beautiful. The United States Hotel is a large and commodious house. Potsdam Junction, eleven miles:—from this station runs a branch of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh Railroad. (Whitney's Hotel). Stages run daily to Massena Springs, fifteen miles; Madrid, eight miles,—connects with Massena Springs by stages,—(Frontier House); Lisbon, eight miles; Ogdensburgh, nine miles.

OGDENSBURGH.—The site of this interesting town was occupied by a Catholic Mission at an early day. The ruins of the Fort La Presentation, erected by the French in 1748, remain. Ogdensburgh stands near the confluence of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, and is a prosperous place, possessing important commercial and manufacturing advantages. Several steamboat companies connect it with the commerce of the St. Lawrence and great lakes. The Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain, and Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh Railroads terminate here. The structures of the former are on a magnificent scale. Nearly a mile of wharves extend along the river, with a grain elevator of the largest size at one extremity. A steam ferry connects these roads with the Grand Trunk and Ottawa and Prescott Railways. The city is agreeably laid out in broad and straight streets, and contains many elegant private mansions and imposing public edifices. On the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence may be

observed the remains of the stone wind-mill, the scene of an heroic defence during the rebellion of 1837, maintained by a small band of patriots against a far superior British force. The population of Ogdensburgh is about twelve thousand. The principal hotels are Seymour House, Johnson House, and Myers House.

The western section of this railway crosses a level country, traversed by numerous streams, the most prominent of which start from the recesses of the Adirondacks. Near Madrid, the track crosses the La Grass; at Potsdam Junction, the Raquette; at Malone, the Salmon river, and at Brazier, the St. Regis.

Montreal and Plattsburgh R. R.

This railway is sixty-three miles in length. The route from Mooer's Junction to Plattsburgh presents no points of particular interest. The restaurant at Mooer's Junction is highly celebrated. The trains perform one trip daily in each direction, leaving Plattsburgh in the morning and Montreal in the afternoon, connecting with the morning and evening boat. Passengers arriving by the evening train, and those leaving Rouse's Point by the afternoon boat, who wish to secure a complete survey of the scenery of the lake, should remain at least a night at Plattsburgh, and embark in the morning boat. A day or two however, might be delightfully



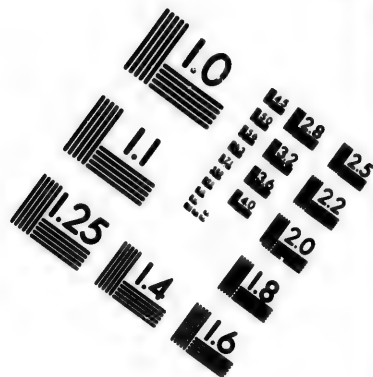
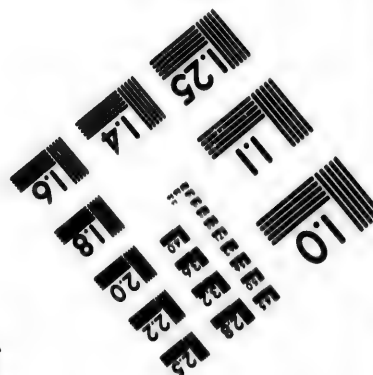
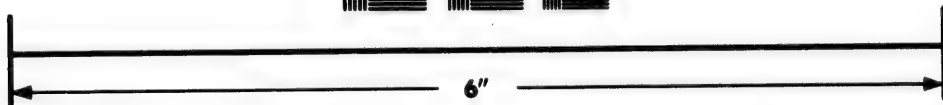
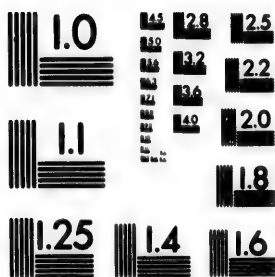


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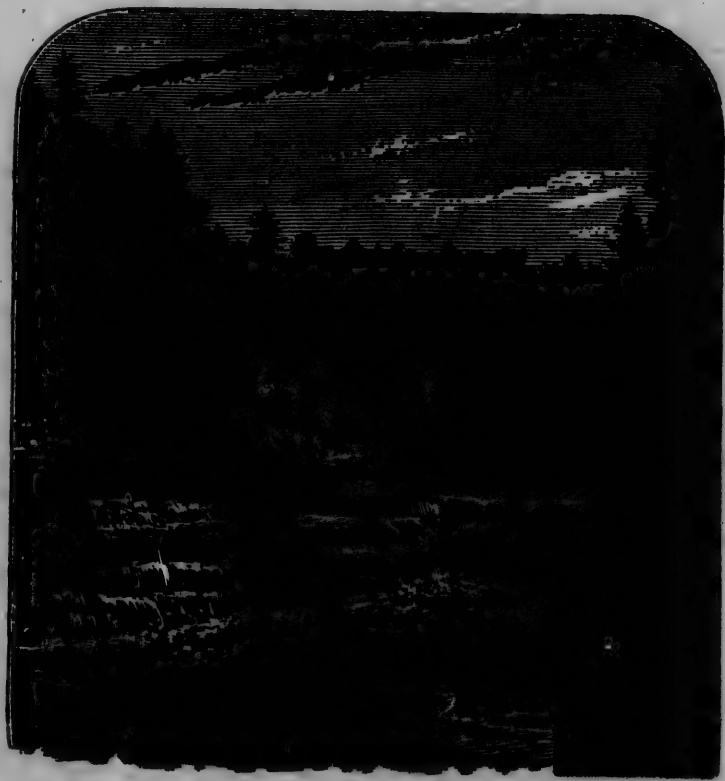
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occupied in visiting the points of historic prominence associated with this interesting locality. Tourists, proposing a trip through Lake George, by adopting our suggestion will stop at Ticonderoga in the afternoon instead of experiencing the discomforts of a landing at night. Those desiring to hasten their journey may embark directly on the Lake George steamer, but few intelligent travellers will be willing to leave these scenes without a longer sojourn. Visitors may leave Plattsburgh by the six o'clock morning train, and spending five hours in Montreal, return by the evening cars. The stations on the M. and P. railway, are Beekmantown, four miles; West Chazy, five; Sciota, five; Mooer's Junction, four; Province Line, two; Hemmingford, four; Johnson's, four; Hughs, four; Lapigeonniere, three; St. Remi, four; St. Isidore, six; Caughnawaga, five; Lachine, two; Montreal, eight. Ottawa House. [see Appendix].

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THE AUSABLE CHASM,

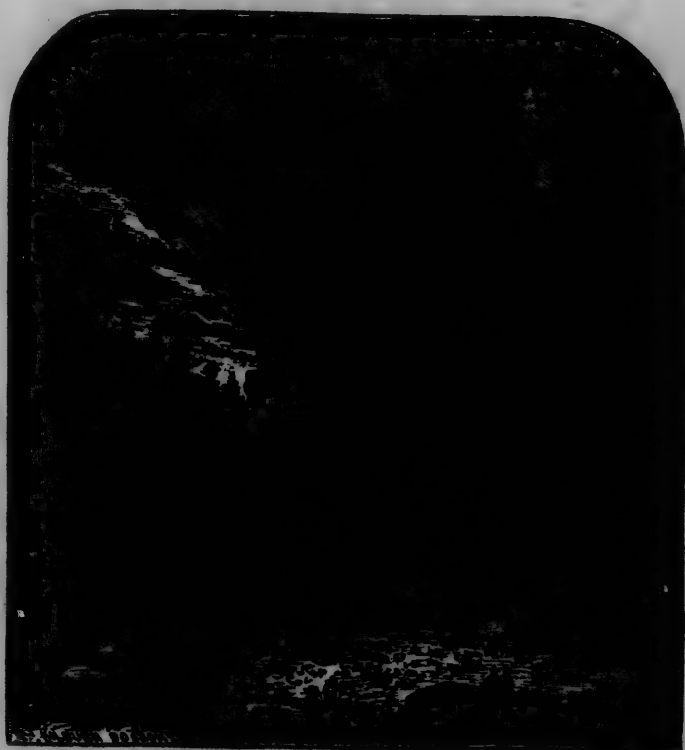
Or, as it was formerly called, "the Walled Banks of the Au Sable," is situated on the Au Sable river, three miles from Port Kent and two from Keeseville. The plank road crosses a bridge at the head of the gorge, and the chasm, along its whole length, is easily accessible from the public highway. Hence, it may be visited without labor or fatigue. This stupendous phenomenon has been well described as "one of the natural wonders of the world". Miss Breamer, the Swedish author, while gazing on the scene with enraptured wonder and the delight of genius, exclaimed, that "a visit to it would reward a voyage from Europe". Lying almost upon the line of one of the most thronged routes of pleasure travel on the continent, and reached with every desirable facility,—and in addition, associated with numerous and varied other objects of interest, it is surprising that any tourist, in pursuit of the beautiful and imposing in nature, should pass through Lake Champlain without pausing and turning aside to explore the "Chasm of the Au Sable." It may be reached by a pleasant steamboat excursion from Burlington, or a delightful ride of twelve miles from Plattsburgh; or, if preferred, the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad will take the traveller to the depot at Peru, from whence he will be conveyed in excellent carriages, by the way of Keeseville, to the Chasm, or directly there, a distance of about seven miles. The usual course, is to land at Port Kent

and proceed at once to the scene, or to ride to Keeseville, and visit it at greater leisure. It will claim more than a transient and cursory examination. The superior hotels at Keeseville, the interesting objects of attraction in that village, and the pleasant drives in the vicinity, would render a sojourn there peculiarly agreeable. Regular stage coaches meet the steamers at Port Kent, and livery carriages may always be ordered from Keeseville to accommodate individuals or parties. (See advertisement in Appendix.) We will transcribe a description of this locality, prepared by the writer in connection with a former publication. It was thought, that the account would receive an increased interest and be better understood by tracing the course of the river from the point where the sand-stone formation, which, in effect, has produced this Chasm, commences.

The passage of the Au Sable river along its lofty and perpendicular banks and through the Chasm at the high bridge, is more familiar to the public mind than most of the striking and picturesque features of that romantic stream. The continued and gradual force of the current, aided perhaps by some vast effort of nature, has formed a passage of the river through the deep layers of sand-stone rock, which are boldly developed above the village of Keeseville, and form the embankments of the river, until it reaches the quiet basin below the high bridge. In the vicinity of Keeseville, the passage of the stream is between a wall on either side of fifty feet in height; leaving these the river glides gently along a low valley, until suddenly hurled over a precipice, that creates a fall of singular beauty. Foaming and surging from this point, over a rocky bed until it reaches the village of Birmingham, it there

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Stairway at Ausable Chasm.

abruptly bursts into a dark, deep chasm of sixty feet. A bridge, with one abutment setting upon a rock that divides the stream, crosses the river at the head of this fall. This bridge is perpetually enveloped in a thick cloud of spray and mist. In winter, the frost work encrusts the rocks and trees, with the most gorgeous fabrics : myriads of columns and arches, and icy diamonds and stalactites glitter in the sunbeams. In the sunshine, a brilliant rainbow spreads its radiant arc over this deep abyss. All these elements, rare in their combination, shed upon this scene an effect inexpressibly wild, picturesque and beautiful. The river plunges from the latter precipice amid the embrasures of the vast gulf, in which for nearly a mile it is quite hidden to observation from above. It pours in a wild torrent, now along a natural canal, formed in the rocks in almost perfect and exact courses, and now darts madly down a precipice. The wall rises on a vertical face upon each side from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet, whilst the width of the chasm rarely exceeds thirty feet, and at several points the stupendous masonry of the opposite walls approaches within eight or ten feet. Lateral fissures, deep and narrow, project from the main ravine at nearly right angles. The abyss is reached through one of these crevices by a stairway descending to the water by two hundred and twelve steps. The entire mass of these walls is formed of laminæ of sandstone rock, laid in regular and precise structures, almost rivaling the most accurate artificial work. The pines and cedars starting from the apertures of the wall, spread a dark canopy over the gulf. The instrumentality which has produced this wonderful work is a problem that presents a wide scope for interesting, but unsatisfactory speculation.

A report of the State geologist asserts, "that near the bottom of the fissure at the High bridge, and through an extent of seventy feet, numerous specimens of a small bivalvular molusca, or *lingulæ*," are discovered, and "that ripple marks appear at the depth of seventy or eighty feet."

An explorer will discover various points of interest as he passes along the high wooded banks, and watches the hidden passage of the water beneath, or examines the fissures, seams, and points the rocks assume. At a narrow part of the gorge, he will be able to trace the early road constructed by the pioneer settlers, and which crossed the chasm on a bridge built upon the bodies of trees felled across it. At the foot of the stairway is a platform, separated by a narrow, deep chasm, from what is called the Table Rock. Through this passage, the river, compressed into a deep and limited channel, rushes with the impetuosity of a mill-race. The Table Rock was formerly reached by walking upon a log over the chasm, and was a favorite but somewhat dangerous resort of pic-nic parties, until a tragic event arrested the habit. A Mr. Dyer, an Episcopal minister, was, some years ago, in the act of leading a lady across this log, when suddenly losing his balance he fell into the rushing torrent, and never rose to the surface, nor was his body seen by the horror-stricken spectators, until days afterwards, when it was found far below upon a shallow in the river. The beautiful and spacious woods on the rocks above, which have been neatly prepared for the purpose, are usually the scene of these festive gatherings, where often, on a bright summer day, several parties of pleasure seekers may be seen enjoying a healthful recreation and the beauties of the place. Each, unless they choose to fraternize, is

distinct, and undisturbed in its movements. At low water, by moving cautiously below the cliffs or clambering down the steep bank, the adventurous explorer will gain several wierd and fantastic views. "The Devil's Oven," a deep, cavernous recess in the rock, is one of these.

KEESEVILLE. This is an important and prosperous manufacturing village, standing on both sides of the Au Sable River, about four miles from the lake. Its location is very handsome; the glimmering river, as it is viewed from the roads that approach the village on the adjacent hills, and the grove-like profusion of the trees that embrace it, impart to the place a singularly pleasant aspect. Keeseville has no marked public buildings, except some fine Churches and a new Bank; but many of its private residences are elegant edifices. The river affords a vast motive power, in and contiguous to the village, adapted to almost unlimited expansion. Its manufacturing institutions are new, large and varied, and rapidly increasing. Among those most worthy of the attention of the tourist, are the Horse Nail Factory, the Twine and the Wire works. Each of these will reward a careful and protracted examination. The machines used in the Horse Nail Factory are the invention of Mr. Daniel Dodge, of this village, and will be regarded as a wonderful triumph of mechanical science, directed by great ingenuity. The spectator will look upon it with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration, at its mighty force, so completely controlled and adjusted, and the beauty and precision of the work. A walk through these works, and an examination of the various processes connected with the fabrication, the assorting and preparing of these nails for market, will afford a most interesting study.

The sojourner at Keeseville should not fail to direct his steps to the Rolling Mill, on the first dam below the arch bridge. This mill is assumed to be second to none other in the perfection and power of its arrangements. To watch its operations is deeply exciting. As the glowing, red hot rods rush through the rollers, a stranger will almost shrink from them, as he sees the long irons vibrating and writhing, like the contortions of fiery serpents. The massive stone bridge, that spans the river by a single ponderous arch, in the centre of the village, will gratify the most careful inspection. The "Evergreen Cemetery," at Keeseville, by its peculiarly favorable position and surroundings, and from the taste with which it has been arranged, is among the most beautiful burying grounds in the country. The monument to the distinguished George A. Simmons will be one of the first objects the eye of the visitor will rest upon.

Fronting on one of the main streets of the village, the stranger will observe a tasteful structure, which covers a valuable medicinal spring, upon the premises of Mr. John B. Wills. The water of this spring has been celebrated from an early date in the settlement of the country, for the remarkable cures effected in various complaints. Several eminent chemists have examined the water with highly favorable results. It is pronounced both saline and calybeate, closely resembling some of the best of the German mineral spring waters, and that it will prove a valuable medicinal agent. A fine house on the premises, will receive a few boarders.

The drives in the environs of Keeseville are particularly pleasant. Lake Champlain is only distant, at several points, four miles, where excellent fishing, with agreeable opportunities for rowing

and sailing, can always be secured. An excursion to the defile, known as "Poke O Moonshine," about eight miles on the Elizabethtown road, will afford a view of a striking exhibition of the "Indian Pass" in miniature. Near this road, four miles from Keeseville, are situated Butternut and Augur ponds, the scene of a highly successful experiment in the transference of fish. A few years ago, pickerel were removed from the lake to these ponds. The fresh and abundant feeding grounds they enjoyed, tended to produce an immense increase, in both their numbers and size, while these changes, and the purity and coolness of the water communicated to the fish a new and infinitely improved flavor. Fish of an enormous weight are now taken in great quantities. Brook trout are copious in many streams in the vicinity. A short ride, of less than three miles, to Hallock Hill, will introduce the tourist to a spot where he may contemplate one of the richest and loveliest landscapes the eye ever rested upon. It is soft and beautiful, but in some directions magnificent and impressive,—spreading over a wide and diversified scenery. The late Arch Bishop Hughes, who, in his periodical visits to a little church, perched upon a mountain west of Peru, never failed to visit a rock where, from a different point, this scene might be viewed, pronounced the landscape the most delightful he had ever beheld. Authors have described it; travellers have long expatiated upon its beauties, and no lover of the charms and grandeur of nature, should omit a pilgrimage to the place. Prospect Hill, about a mile from Keeseville, is an eminence from which a very enlarged and beautiful survey may be had, and forms a pleasant stroll or ride from the village. The Au Sable House and the Adirondack Hotel, (see appen-

dix,) at Keeseville, are both excellent, first-class houses, and will afford delightful sojourns for families during the summer months. "The Chasm House," in Birmingham, near the Chasm, supplies, at all hours, good meals. The livery accommodations at Keeseville are ample.

THE AU SABLE RIVER.

This stream, from its mouth to its highest fountains among the Adirondacks, is fraught with ever-recurring phases that delight the tourist, and with grand, stern and solemn exhibitions that reward the researches of the explorer. We have attempted, and are aware how imperfectly, to describe the Chasm.

The river discharges by two mouths, forming a perfect delta. Both branches are navigable by boats, and a row along the narrow channel, winding amid aquatic grasses, and deeply canopied by overhanging trees and banks, affords a novel and exciting excursion. In the upper part, dry glades occur, which furnish favorite and secluded resorts to parties of pleasure, where, beneath the broad shades of the majestic elms or sycamores, they may indulge in the pleasant pastimes and wild revelries that such scenes invite. This part of the river is favorable ground for fishing with the seine, and is often visited for that purpose by tourists. In some spots along

this delta, the surface of the water is loaded with the richly perfumed and chaste white water lily.

In passing along the plank road, a short distance below the Rolling Mill, the roaring of a water-fall and the mist ascending from it, may be noticed. These betray a cascade, which is hidden from the road by intervening trees and an eminence, but is one of the finest and most picturesque upon the river. A stretch of deep, still water extends three miles up the river, between the high sand-stone bluffs we have mentioned, and then along wide, verdant meadows on one side and rugged banks upon the other, and affords pleasant boating. The plank road from Keeseville to Au Sable Forks, is a charming drive, through a rich and varied scenery, with the majestic form of the White Face Mountains, directly in front, standing like a bulwark to oppose our progress. Six miles from Keeseville, at Clintonville: are the works of the Peru Steel and Iron Works, embracing, it is stated, the largest forge upon the continent; and six miles beyond, passing midway the Point of Rocks, the present terminus of the Whitehall and Plattsburgh R. R., we reach Au Sable Forks, where is established one branch of the vast manufacturing business of "J. & J. Rogers Iron Company." Here are three comfortable hotels.

At this place the Eastern and Western branches unite and form the Au Sable river proper. In pursuing our proposed journey, the tourist will continue to travel through a pleasant country, along the banks of the stream, by the delightful valley of Jay to Keene Flats, twenty miles. Evidences will be noticed of the ravages by the terrible inundation of 1857, through the entire valley.

KEENE FLATS.—This name is applied to one of the loveliest spots in all the Adirondack region. It is a rich alluvial valley, along which the river glides between high banks, lined and almost hidden by a thick hedge of alders. The varied flora of the district is most copious and exquisitely beautiful. Environed by mountains and hills on every side, the tourist wonders by what unseen avenue he entered the valley, and how the stream penetrates the surrounding barriers. So deeply sequestered and withdrawn from the din and bustle of the world, the loveliness of the place, and its quiet repose, invite a yearly increase of visitors. Mr. N. M. Dibble and Mr. H. Washbond have convenient boarding houses, and several other of the inhabitants also open their dwelling for the accommodation of summer residents. (Keene P. O.) At Keene village, and Jay village will be found comfortable hotels. Bedee's is about four miles above, at the head of the flats. Approaching the Au Sable Ponds from the valley, we enter the vestibule to this vast sanctuary of nature, which in all its grandeur and silence expands on every side. Decade of miles succeeds decade as we penetrate its recesses; the forest is interminable; the mountains ascend around us in countless peaks. The sportman, he who would combine comfort with relaxation, may seek the Adirondacks where civilization mingles with the savage; but if he would contemplate them in their glory, their solitudes and desolation, he should advance deep into the wilderness, where he finds no impress of the presence of man. The waters are thronged with fish, but the solitariness of the scene is little relieved by other animated nature. The deer usually seek more congenial feeding grounds; the bear is occasionally encountered,—

the panther rarely ; and the deserts are not favorite resorts of the smaller animals. These wilds were formerly the abode of the moose, where it rejoiced in the abundance of its choicest food, the mountain ash and striped maple, but the huge animal no longer stalks among these mountains,—it is extinct. Birds of song are not found, except on the confines of civilized life. Desolation, silence and solitude maintain their primeval empire. When the wind is hushed, the silence of the wilderness is alone broken by the music, at times, of some little cascade, the rippling of a tiny rill, or the deep cadences of a roaring and dashing torrent. The strange tranquillity of these solitudes is a marked characteristic that will be felt by the explorer, and will impress and thrill his mind. This profound silence, is a stillness, awful by its intensity. The absence of animal life upon these mountains will be observed by the explorer. The author ascending White Face in the autumn, saw no living creature save a solitary red squirrel, and small butterfly that had undoubtedly been wafted there by the wind. About four miles from the valley we reach the Au Sable Ponds, but before visiting them, one or two natural curiosities should not be passed.

THE RAINBOW FALLS.—This remarkable cascade is situated in Keene, within a mile of these ponds, and forms a striking feature of that wild, picturesque region. It is upon Rainbow brook, a small tributary of the south branch of the Au Sable river. The fall is computed from careful observation to be one hundred and twenty-five feet in sheer vertical descent. The site is separated from the Keene flats, the nearest human residence, by a dense forest three or four miles in extent, and is hidden in the recesses of the vast wilderness of the Adiron-

dacks. It has but lately been revealed to general knowledge. The falls are at present only accessible by a path through the forest; but they have already excited the attention of the artist and explorer, and it is in contemplation to immediately open by convenient roads, a district that will be regarded not among the least attractive or interesting in the Adirondack region, to the sportsman and the worshiper of nature, in her secluded temples.

Not far from the Rainbow Falls, upon the branch of the Roaring brook, and hidden among the cliffs and forests, another cascade will be found, if possible still more impressive and remarkable. There is in reality two falls in connection: one leaps over a vertical precipice into the deep gorge; the other rushes down two hundred and fifty feet in a rapid descent, along a groove five feet in depth, which by the force of the water has been worn into the solid rock.

Another object of exceeding interest, situated, not remote from the Au Sable Ponds, may appropriately be noticed in this connection.

"THE HUNTER'S PASS." This gorge lies in the town of North Hudson, and is formed by the deep, parallel precipices of Dix's Peak and Nipple top, which are among the highest and most sequestered mountains of the Adirondacks. It has great similitude to the Indian Pass, and is second only to that amazing exhibition in its sublime and imposing features. This pass is rarely penetrated, even by the hunter, and at a very late period only has been visited for the specific purpose of exploration. It is buried several miles deeper in the mazes of these forests and mountains than the Au Sable ponds or Rainbow falls, but is sufficiently near these points to enhance the attrac-

tion of the district, when it shall have become a new object of interest and resort. The scene can now only be reached by the severest toil of several miles, (but the feat has been achieved by brave and delicate woman,) and when this is accomplished, the dense forest, the masses of rocks, their mosses and their debris, gathered for ages, render the gorge almost impenetrable.

The new and successive revelations which are constantly occurring in the physical aspect of the Adirondacks, illustrate the profound seclusion and great extent of the Wilderness, and warrant the opinion that other objects of deep interest remain in its recesses, yet to be unveiled. It is believed that several of the more secluded peaks of these mountains have never been ascended. Such views are rendered still more impressive when it is considered that many of these localities, some of them still unexplored, lie within a hundred miles of the Capitol at Albany.

THE AU SABLE PONDS.

The Au Sable ponds form the loftiest as well as most important reservoir of the South branch of the Au Sable river. Lying amid the acclivities of the Adirondacks, and buried deeply in the solitudes of forests, which have yet scarcely been disturbed by the movements of enterprise, these waters are

calculated, when more fully known, to attract the attention of the tourist and sportsman, by their solitariness, their beauty and sporting wealth. They are four or five miles from civilized habitations. Small boats have been placed upon them, to facilitate access to Mt. Marcy, towards which they afford one of the most direct routes. These ponds are classed among the most beautiful lakes of the region.

The Au Sable ponds lie on the same elevated plateau with the Boreas Pond, a fountain head of the Hudson, and through a considerable district, the surface is so completely level, that, it is said, during high water, canoes navigate between the two sheets of water. This singular arrangement is worthy examination.

In following up the western branch of the Au Sable, we reach, nine miles above Au Sable Forks, Wilmington village, where a fine water power supplies several manufactories. The next point of interest is

THE WILMINGTON NOTCH. The river breaks through its mountain barrier in an exhibition most thrilling and impressive. The stream, compressed in a narrow passage of a few feet in width, becomes here an impetuous torrent, and foams and dashes along the base of a precipitous wall formed by White Face Mountain, which towers above it in nearly a vertical ascent of thousands of feet, while on the other side it almost laves the abrupt and rugged crags of another lofty precipice. Bursting through this obstacle, the river leaps into an abyss of more than one hundred feet in depth, so dark and impervious from mantling trees and impending rocks, that the eye cannot penetrate its hidden caverns. The road to North Elba, which has been

recently constructed through the gorge, renders this remarkable spot easily accessible to the tourist, and we can fancy few scenes more attractive by their wild and romantic beauty, or by their stern and appalling grandeur.

Near the Notch, upon rocks which form the bank of the river, a singular deposit of native copperas exists, which may be scraped off in large quantity. The curious, or the naturalist, who examines this formation, will be inclined to trace out the "Copperas Pond," which lies high up Promontory mountain, east of the place, and is strongly impregnated with the salt. Various other objects of interest are profusely scattered about White Face,—such as the palasades, lofty hills, and dashing cascades: the impress of an Indian's foot-print. The intelligent landlords will indicate all these.

Soon after passing this interesting locality, the tourist will reach Lake Placid, by diverging a little from the highway. It is situated principally in North Elba, and just touches that beautiful plateau in the peerless landscape of which it forms a conspicuous and very essential feature. Its great expanse, its deep and transparent waters, its beautiful proportions, stretching its sinuosities along bold headlands far into the recesses of the mountains, until in the distant view its waters seem to lave the base of White Face, although in fact separated from it by a rich valley of two miles in width, unite to render Lake Placid one of the most delightful and attractive objects in this land of loveliness and silence. A small pond connects with the lake by a narrow channel. This pond has no other inlet or outlet, and is distinguished by a singular movement. The water flows for a period of two or three minutes from the lake into the pond; an interval of a few

seconds succeeds, with no apparent motion of the water; after this, for the same time, it flows back again into the lake. This ebbing and flowing is, I believe, perpetual. Lake Placid is one of the most important heads of the Au Sable river. The manufacturing interest on the line of that stream has erected, at the outlet of the lake, an expensive and ponderous dam. This work forms the lake into a capacious reservoir, and secures a permanent supply of water, at most seasons, to the immense works moved by the Au Sable.

Five miles farther, we stop at Scott's, the most prominent resort to tourists in this section of North Elba, where comfortable accommodations may be had, and intelligent directions obtained in regard to the surrounding region. It lies almost beneath the shadow of the Adirondacks.

The former farm and home of John Brown are immediately contiguous to Scott's. This property has been purchased by a company organized by the earnest efforts of Miss Kate Field, with a view of holding it, in perpetuity, as a memorial of an momentous event in our national history. The original proprietors are Miss Kate Field, Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, William H. Lee, Geo. A. Robbins, G. C. Ward, Henry Clews, D. R. Martin, LeGrand B. Cannon, Chas. A. Smith, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Sherman, J. S. Schultz, Elliot C. Cowden, Thomas Murphy, Chas. G. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Toucey, and Horace C. Claflin.

The grave of Brown is visible from the road, and pilgrimages will be long directed to it, not only by sympathizers in his sentiments but by the curious, and the interest excited by his extraordinary career.

The town of North Elba will always entrance the tourist by the extreme affluence of its natural beau-

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John Brown's Grave, North Elba.

ties, in which it is not surpassed and scarcely approached by any other section of the state. The gigantic amphitheatre of mountains, which almost encircle the town, form in its outline an arc of nearly sixty miles in extent, and embraces within this area a territory of about one hundred square miles. Upon the west, the plains of North Elba mingle with that vast plateau, teeming with rivers and lakes and forests, which spread to the shores of the St. Lawrence. The grandeur and imposing beauty of these mountain bulwarks, which, singularly blending with a landscape of lakes and rivulets, vales and hills, combine to form a scenery of transcendent loveliness and magnificence. From one position, the eye gazes on the lofty group of the Adirondack mountains. Mt. Marcy stands out in his perfect contour and vast dimensions. Mt. McIntyre and McMartin, trace their outlines upon the horizon, and far towards the south-west, the group of Mt. Seward limit the view; on the north, the White Face envelopes the plain, and on the east, tower the dark and rugged cliffs of the Keene mountains.

The western branch of the Au Sable river flows through the town, and nearly the whole distance along a wide alluvial valley, almost as broad, and apparently of fertility equal to the flats of the Mohawk river. Near Edmonds' Pond, a few miles from Scott's, is a spot that will repay a prolonged inspection. In the bed of a little brook which leaps down a slide formed some years ago by an avalanche, innumerable minerals sparkle and glow in every direction. High up the precipice occur a series of caves, which are the deposits of varied gems and minerals, and in beauty and variety of their material, almost rival the stories of eastern caverns. Here is found calcareous spar, of various colors, and

crystals of epidote, coccoline and horn-blend. The scientific explorer would enjoy in this locality a rich and delightful field.

About seven miles from Scott's, the tourist may penetrate through the wilderness to a scene that is ranked among the natural curiosities of the world. Standing amid its solitude and silence, and contemplating its vast proportions, its solemn majesty the novelty of its aspect and its mystic formation, an enduring influence is impressed on the mind, that is not even transcended by the wonders and glories of Niagara.

THE INDIAN PASS.—The mighty convulsions which have upheaved the lofty mountains of this region, or rent asunder the barriers that enclosed the seas, which washed their cliffs, have left impressive vestiges of their power, in the striking natural phenomena spread over the country. None of these afford more wonderful exhibitions of those terrific agencies, or more imposing beauty and magnificence, than a remarkable gorge, known as the Indian pass, in the impressive aboriginal Otneyarh, the Stony Giants. It occupies a narrow ravine, formed by a rapid acclivity of Mt. McIntyre on one side, rising at an angle of forty-five degrees, and on the opposite, by the dark naked wall of a vertical precipice, towering to an altitude of eight hundred to one thousand two hundred feet from its base, and extending more than a mile in length. The base itself is elevated about two thousand five hundred feet above tide water. The deep and appalling gorge is strewn and probably occupied for several hundred feet, with gigantic fragments hurled into it from the impending cliffs, by some potent agency. The elements still advance the process. So exact and wonderful is the stupendous masonry of this

bulwark, that it seems, could human nerve allow the effort, a stone dropped from the summit, might reach the base without striking an impediment. The pencil cannot portray, nor language describe, the awful grandeur and sublimity of this spectacle. The deep seclusion, the wild solitude of the place, awe and impress. Many miles from human habitation, nature here reigns in her primitive silence and repose. The heavy forests that clothe the steep slopes of McIntyre, and shroud the broken and confused masses of rock in the gorge, add to the gloom and solemnity of these dark recesses. A tiny rivulet just starting from its birthplace amid these solitudes, chafes and frets along its rocky passage, in its course to the Hudson, and on the opposite side of the ravine is discharged one of the highest affluents of the Au Sable, while from a pond on the summit of the cliff, a small stream flows into the Raquette, seeking the St. Lawrence.

In this vicinity, a remarkable gorge occurs between Pitch-off and Long Pond mountains, two very striking peaks lying near and parallel to each other. This is a narrow defile embraced by nearly perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height. At its base lie the romantic Edmonds Ponds, referred on a preceding page. Between these ponds and Pitch-off mountain a most picturesque road winds for several miles, and connects with the highway near Scott's. Mt. Marcy is frequently ascended from North Elba.

The Northern Wilderness.

This remarkable region has not, until comparatively a recent period, elicited any great degree of attention from the tourist or explorer. The mind does not readily accept the fact, that a territory nearly equal in size to half the State of Vermont and about the same superficial area as Connecticut, lies in the bosom of New York, touching on one extremity the long occupied and densely populated valley of the Mohawk, and encircled by a highly cultivated and matured country, is still shrouded by its primeval forests, and remains almost as it came from the hands of its Creator. This territory embraces nearly all Hamilton county, and parts of Herkimer, Oneida, Lewis, St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, and Warren, and extends over one hundred miles in length, and about eighty miles in breadth.

Nature reigns in this wilderness, in her original repose and isolation. The daring hunter alone formerly penetrated its mazes in pursuit of its savage denizens, the moose, the bear, the panther, and deer. The fisherman, whose ardor lead him into the deep recesses of the forest, broke the quiet slumber of these lakes and rivers, but within the boundaries of this sequestered region, man has scarcely an abode, in his civilization and improvements. A portion of this territory is mountainous, and impracticable to culture. The sheer and lofty

precipice, the dashing torrent, the sylvan lake and the boundless ocean of forest, combine to form a scenery, which is unrivaled in its magnificence and beauty. The votaries and admirers of nature will learn to visit these scenes, and will gaze on them with wonder and delight.

Travellers have sometimes attempted to assimilate this region to the Highlands of Scotland, but the resemblance to their magnificent features, in Scottish scenery, is only in miniature. The brilliant work of Mr. Murray contains a passage from the letter of an artist in Europe, most just and appreciative of the Adirondacks. "Having travelled," he says, "over all Switzerland, and the Rhine and the Rhone region, I have not met with scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur, as the lakes, mountains and forests of the Adirondack region present to the gazer's eye."

This wilderness is distinguished for the healthiness of its climate. There prevails in the atmosphere, which envelops these mountains, a pureness, an elasticity and vitality that impart health, and afford an indescribable physical enjoyment in the mechanical process of inspiration; the lungs are filled, and perform their functions without effort or labor. In our explorations of the country, we have met with repeated instances of individuals, who had reached their forest homes, in advanced stages of pulmonary affection, in whom the disease had been arrested, and the sufferer restored to comparative health. They uniformly imputed the change to the influence of the atmosphere, and to the soothing and invigorating effect of the peculiar property referred to. No invalid enter these solitudes without experiencing upon his system this strengthening

and renovating influence. The atmosphere can be impregnated by no noxious miasmas, but is poured down from the summits of these stately mountains, fresh and pure, and life-giving as it comes from the laboratory of nature. It is charged with an exuberance of oxygen, and the health inspiring aroma of the Balsam, the Hemlock and Pine, which impart their delightful effects.

We do not contemplate a description of the geographical arrangement of this territory, nor to present a specific account of its varied landmarks, but merely propose, (as more attractive to the reader,) to exhibit a comprehensive view of the region, that its general aspects, and its peculiar objects of beauty and interest may be understood. We shall also briefly indicate the different avenues by which the Wilderness may be reached.

It is proper to observe that the boundaries of this wild and primitive region are irregular, and not embraced in exact and defined lines. At some points, improvement has pierced deeply into its territory, and at others, the forest and mountains preserve their original domain in the midst of a cultivated district. In portions of Essex county the Adirondacks penetrate deeply in the midst of a highly cultivated region, often approaching Lake Champlain, and in some instances only arrested by its waters. Nothing connected with these scenes so impresses the mind with amazement and incredulity, as the fact, that thus closely environed by progress and culture, many sections of this wilderness have probably never been pressed by the foot of civilized man, and that numerous mountains have not yet been ascended. Another circumstance adds a new feature to the strangeness of these views: the evidences are quite conclusive, that the interior

parts of this desert were as well known a century ago, as they now are. It is certain that the wilderness was habitually traversed, and probably by well defined avenues during the Revolution. The track of ancient pathways may still be traced, and the mouldering vestiges of bridges and other fabrics are apparent far in the mazes of these forests and lakes. The evidences are varied and ample, that this territory at an early period was the abode of a large aboriginal population, attracted to it by the immunity it afforded from hostile attacks, and by the profusion of its game and fish.

The physical arrangement of the Wilderness is as marked and striking as the whole Adirondack region is fascinating and wonderful. The features of plain, of lakes and mountains are seldom promiscuously blended, but each lineament is measurably separate and distinct. In the southwesterly portion lies the "John Brown Tract," the most repulsive and uninteresting of all the Wilderness. It comprises a district of about two hundred and fifty thousand acres, of low table land. No lofty mountains impart majesty to the scene; few sparkling lakes and beautiful streams gladden or relieve its desolation. Centrally, a long wide plateau is pre-eminently the region of fountains and ponds, of lakes and rivers. In the eastern section, an infinitude of mountains raise their rugged peaks to the sky.

LAKES AND PONDS.

We cannot attempt to arrange even a naked catalogue of the multiplicity of Ponds and Lakes that characterize this region. We propose to notice some of the larger and more interesting of the number, to convey a general idea of the wonderful arrangement of the whole. The prominent lakes form receptacles for the waters of the countless ponds and smaller lakes that are grouped on the plateau, and become themselves the reservoirs which supply more than one-half the rivers of the State. The God of nature created this peculiar and secluded region a vast watershed, and its value is incalculable, not only that it pours forth from these solitudes streams that adorn and fertilize the country, but from its influence upon the commerce and industry of the State.

These lakes, although they often nearly touch each other, and mingle their waters, and the little streams that feed them, in their involutions are so mixed that they can scarcely be distinguished, are yet arranged in distinct systems. It is stated that the same pools discharge waters seeking in different direction the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, which reach the ocean more than a thousand miles asunder.

The sources of the Moose and Beaver rivers, which are the main tributaries of the Black river, that

empties into Lake Ontario, are in the system of which the Moose river chain of lakes, eight in number, are the central and most important features. The Beaver river rises in a series of smaller lakes still more remote.

Raquette Lake is the head of the system that gives rise to the Raquette river. It is separated from the Moose lakes by a transit less than a mile in length. Raquette lake is the largest body of water in the Wilderness, and presents a shore line of more than ninety miles in length. It is elevated nearly eighteen hundred feet above tide water. In its form it is singularly irregular and distorted, projecting deep indentations into the land on every side. To this peculiarity of shape, its name (Raquette—Snow Shoe, Cactus,) is sometimes referred. East of Raquette lake stands Blue Mountain, with an altitude of four thousand feet. At its base reposes the Blue Mountain Lake, by common consent, from its purity and loveliness, esteemed the pearl of all the Wilderness water. This, discharging through Utawana and Eagle Lakes, is a tributary of Raquette Lake, which empties into Forked Lake, and is separated from it by a carry of half a mile. Beach Lake also discharges into Forked Lake. Rolling onward from the latter, the Raquette river, passing over various rapids and descending Buttermilk Falls, enters Long Lake, sixteen miles in length and about two wide, with an elevation of nearly sixteen hundred feet. This lake is much admired for its form and purity, and the mountains by which it is environed. Near its southern extremity is Owl's Head, and towards the North a view of Mt. Seward is presented. Near the head of Long Lake a thriving settlement has sprung up. The river debouches from Long Lake in a strong volume of water and rapid cur-

rent. A boat navigation of about thirty miles now occurs, interrupted by a single impediment. The Raquette Falls, a splendid cascade is situated about seven miles below Long Lake, and has a portage of one and a half miles. The river is constantly augmented by the tribute of various streams along its course. About seven miles below the falls, Stoney Creek enters it on the right. The explorer, by ascending this winding stream, and its tributary ponds a few miles, and crossing the Indian Carry, a mile wide, will reach the Upper Saranac Lake. Following the Raquette river from Stoney Creek, about twenty miles, he will be borne on a rapid current, gently and pleasantly through constantly changing objects of interest to Tupper's Lake. This sheet of water always excites the rapturous encomiums of the tourist. The Raquette pursues its majestic course, through Raquette Pond, constantly receiving accretions from lakes and ponds, and rolls along the Wilderness a rapid and broad stream, approaching the Mohawk in magnitude, until it reaches the abodes of civilization in St. Lawrence County. This is one of the most beautiful, as it is among the largest and most important streams, already largely devoted to practical utility, that have their birth place in these wilds. It is often and agreeably descended in boats, but the tourist, satisfied with tracing its sinuosities, may return by water along a different route, nearly to the point where we began our voyage. He will ascend Tupper's Lake, seven miles, and passing a short carry will enter Bog River; ascending this stream about three miles, interrupted by two carries, he reaches Round Pond, and three and a half miles farther, Little Tupper Lake. Traversing this seven miles, and by alternate carries and navigation, through Rock, Bottle

and Carry Ponds, he will gain Little Forked Lake, from whence, six miles by boat, will convey him again to Forked Lake. Or, he may diverge at Rock Pond to Salmon Lake, and by a succession of exhilarating changes of lake, stream and portage, he will be returned to Raquette Lake. Such are the strange and almost incomprehensible ramification and interlocking of these water systems.

THE OSWEGATCHIE RIVER flows from Cranberry Lake, lying west of Tupper's Lake. A group of lakes between that stream and the Raquette are the sources of the Grass River. The St. Regis is next east of the Raquette. The course of these streams is nearly parallel, and separated from each other by short portages. They are all tributaries of the St. Lawrence. The St. Regis is, of all, the wildest and most sequestered. It mainly rises in the St. Regis lakes and ponds in that system, and closely interlaces with the waters of the Saranac. It has three distinct branches, fed by countless small affluents. Its whole course, until it bursts at once into the cultivated territory of St. Lawrence county, is buried in a dense, unbroken wilderness. Civilized man has rarely followed its sinuous track.

The writer has been favored by a highly intelligent gentleman of Plattsburgh, (Dr. Bixby), with the examination of the journal, illustrated by a fine panoramic map, of a party who descended the St. Regis a year or two since. It presents the only accurate description of this most interesting river that exists. The party started from St. Regis Pond in their exploring descent, forcing the passage tediously through the overhanging bushes, and logs that obstructed the little stream, and meeting frequent carries produced by rapids. They were surprised

to discover in a sequestered spot on the margin of the stream a large colony of cranes, that seemed to have sought the solitude for security and retirement. Nine of the huge nests of these birds were counted upon a single tree. Soon after leaving this abode of the cranes, the party encountered a still more interesting and unexpected object. This was a colony of beavers. In the length of three miles, they detected nine distinct and new-made dams. The wily habits of these wonderful animals, forbade the intruders upon their seclusion seeing them, but every appearance warranted the conviction that it was an actual beaver settlement, occupied by living animals. This is probably the only, or nearly so, colony of beaver in the State, that has escaped the cupidity of man. Immediately below the beaver dams the stream receives a large increase from the Bay Pond Creek, which draining a number of ponds and lakes entered it from the east. The river was rapidly augmented by the accession of other small streams, and the navigation became less difficult. The course of the stream was generally along high and rugged banks, and through a primitive, dense forest. This aspect, however, is occasionally varied by the presence of broad natural savannahs, clothed with thick, rank grasses. These are the favorite resorts of myriads of deer. The soft earth was tracked by their sharp, tiny hoofs, like a crowded pasture by the tread of sheep. The explorers observed the absence of the timidity, that characterizes the animal near the settlements and hunting-grounds. The foot-prints of the wolf and panther were here and there noticed. The fish were found in the richest abundance. They found the forest formed by a majestic growth of primeval trees. The ever-greens, particularly the pines, had attained an

enormous magnitude, but had been undisturbed by the enterprise of the lumberman. The river is largely obstructed by rapids and cascades. Emerging from the Wilderness, the party reached a saw-mill, the first evidence of civilization, six miles above Parishville, and from that place proceeded over a good road, nine miles to Potsdam, where they found themselves in the region of railroads. They computed the length of their voyage by the meanderings of the river, at about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and forty miles in a direct line. Nine days were consumed in making the passage. We have been minute in narrating this experiment, believing that the enterprise will inflame the zeal of other explorers, by the novelty and wildness of the adventure. The Salmon River, which flows through Malone, springs from lakes and morasses north of the sources of the St. Regis.

The system of waters which originates the south branch of the Saranac River, has been rendered far more familiar than the various systems we have traced, by constant visits and explorations. The stream itself passes directly from its great reservoir, the Saranac Lakes, into an open country, and bearing on its tide an immense motive power, unites near Clayburgh with the north branch, forming the Saranac proper, which, after a circuitous route, enters Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh. Few streams in the State have proved more valuable by their influence upon its industrial pursuits. It has created an avenue by which countless saw-logs have been transported to their marts, and it has been the instrumentality by which millions of wealth have been produced to the country. The north branch drains a cluster of lakes and ponds north of the head waters of the St. Regis,—a view of the maps

will indicate that the sources of the Saranac almost envelope the fountains of the St. Regis.

We have aimed to exhibit a general view of the extraordinary nature and combinations of the waters of this plateau. We know of no more favorable method of impressing their singular aspects upon our readers, or of illustrating the subject, than by referring to an elaborate survey of that region, made by Professor F. N. Benedict, a quarter of a century ago, in connection with a scheme to form an interior communication between Lake Champlain and the Black river Canal at Boonville.

The prominent idea in this scheme, originally contemplated an artificial communication between Port Kent on Lake Champlain, and Boonville, on the Black river canal. The system of lakes in the interior, indicate the course, and were designed to form the route of this improvement. It appears from the report of Professor Benedict, that nature has formed a practical course for this communication, in the direct line from Purmort's rapids, a point on the Saranac river on the boundary between Essex and Clinton counties, to the Moose river, twenty-one miles from Boonville, with which the contemplated navigation must be connected by canal or railroad. This route, starting from Purmort's rapids, passes through the county of Essex, by the Saranac; along the lower and upper Saranac lakes, the Raquette river, Long, Forked and Raquette lakes, and the intervening streams, to the series of Moose river lakes, and thence down that stream to the western termination. The track may be readily traced on the very accurate maps of this region recently published.

The following impressive facts are established by these investigations. There exists, Professor Bene-

dict states, in this direct course, a navigation competent to steamers, of fifty-six miles, and by small boats of fifty-five miles further. A distance only of seven and one-fourth miles occurs along this route, partially or entirely interrupted by obstructions, which will require removing to complete the navigation the whole line of one hundred and eighteen miles. The lateral navigation, branching from this main trunk, formed by the rivers and lakes which are mingled with those above enumerated, affords an additional communication, navigable by steamers, of thirty-three miles, and by small boats of ten tons burthen, of thirty-eight miles more, with an intervening obstruction of only one-half mile. The result shows the existence, in that sequestered wilderness, of a navigation adapted to steam boats, of eighty-nine miles, and to small boats, of ninety-three miles, which is obstructed by natural impediments, interposing in different localities, and embracing in the aggregate, the trifling distance of seven and three-quarter miles. The total length of the proposed improvement is one hundred and ninety miles. The obstacles which exist, chiefly occur in low and marshy ground, and may be readily surmounted.

The lateral branches of this navigation, included in the survey of Prof. Benedict, would penetrate deeply towards the west into the forest of St Lawrence, Hamilton and Franklin counties, and on the eastward along the western limits of Essex, almost touching the vast iron masses of the Adirondacks, and opening their resources to the wants and enterprise of the coal mines of the west. In reference to this navigation, he says: "Extensive lines of small boat navigation, with very few and short interruptions, traverse all considerable sections of the sur-

face. The aggregate extent of these lines is probably no less than three hundred miles, all of which could be rendered navigable for boats of fifty tons burthen at comparatively trifling expense."

To examine this project in the Wilderness, or to trace it on the map, will amuse and instruct the reader, in the relations of a region that has no analogy, except possibly amid the head waters of the Mississippi. The scheme now slumbers, but in the exigencies of the future may be resumed. As an episode in the history of internal improvements and the varied projects which have agitated the public mind, it is worthy of perpetuation.

No man has enumerated the lakes, ponds and streams of this region. They probably reach more than a thousand. They are marked by the same characteristics which almost universally prevail. These waters, enveloped by deep and glorious forests, are delightfully cool, pure and transparent; they are thronged with fish, and their margins are the grazing fields of myriads of deer. Other "beasts of the woods" lurk in the recesses of the Wilderness. The sportsman, who seeks the deer, in the abundance usually associated with the "Northern Wilderness," must pursue them deeper in the forests than the ordinary range of pleasure tourists. There he will find the tales of books and travellers verified. A volume, which a few years ago enlisted universal attention, by its sparkling and piquant pages, was afterwards denounced by a class of disappointed readers, who either did not appreciate the spirit of the work, or misunderstood its instructions. Instead of upbraiding the author, they might have referred their disappointment to personal and peculiar causes. These embryo sportsmen, ignorant of the art, fished and hunted without science. Their very numbers

and the clamor with which they pursued the sport, had a tendency to defeat its object, by alarming the game, and driving both fish and deer into more sequestered haunts.* The summer of '69 was of an exceptional character, cold and wet. The deer found in the welling springs of the mountains, and in their fresh glades an ample supply of water and food, instead of resorting, as is usual to the lakes and streams, and the savannahs along the rivers. The hotels were thronged, so far beyond their capacities or expectations, that they were unable to furnish adequate accommodations and desired conveniences to their visitors, and the extortions practiced by the guides and boatmen,—of which there was such earnest complaints,—was due to the folly of sportsmen, who extravagantly bid upon each other to secure their services. A natural reaction in the popular enthusiasm for the Wilderness ensued, and temporarily reduced the number of visitors.

No grounds for these complaints will hereafter exist, that can be surmounted by care and attention. Hotels and boarding-houses have been increased, and much enlarged, and, with the guides, an uniform and reasonable tariff of charges established. A careful and more regular system will prevail to secure the comfort and entertainment of guests.

This plateau, at an elevation of fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet, is not remarkable for the wealth of a varied or copious flora, although aquatic and affiliated plants are often abundant and

*In the year referred to, such nascent sportsmen maintained a constant fusilade, in shooting at marks, not aware that they were driving the deer into the forests, or in casting the fly, as they believed, in the most artistic style, would strike the water, by all their force with the rod, and then wonder and complain that there were no fish. These instances explain our allusion.

luxuriant. The water lily, in localities, fills the atmosphere with its fragrance; and the magnificent cardinal flower frequently lines the water like a glowing fringe of flame. The "wild green wood" is always an object of beauty and interest, but these wilds, bearing their stately primeval forests, loaded with parasitic plants, and draped by hanging mosses and mantled by habiliments of every variegated hue of green, are pre-eminently glorious. When in the dying year, an observer looks down from a summit, upon them, clothed in their brilliant and gorgeous autumnal robes, they are transformed into a scene of almost unearthly splendor and beauty. The huge evergreens tower far above their deciduous companions of the woods.

Two distinct species of the trout, in popular language designated the lake and the brook trout, prevail in the lakes and streams of the interior. These are supposed to ramify into a number of varieties. They differ very perceptibly in color and appearance, and the distinctions which science detects, are very clear and marked. The color of the flesh, which is either red or white in both species, is not characteristic of either, but seems to be an individual peculiarity. The lake trout, fierce and voracious in its habits, is the tyrant of the waters. It attains a very great size, and specimens have occasionally been taken, which weighed fifty pounds. These are rare, and fish of ten to twenty pounds are deemed choice sport. The brook trout seldom exceeds three pounds. The former spawn from the 15th to the 25th of October, and the brook trout about ten days earlier. The two species run in separate schools, and although found associated, they appear not to amalgamate. The brook trout frequents the streams, and near the entrances and

outlets of the lakes. The fry of both remain on the spawning ground until the ensuing spring. Notwithstanding the avidity with which these fish are pursued, their marvellous fecundity preserves them from apparent diminution in these lakes. The acquaintance with men, however, renders them shy, and thus is enhanced the pleasure and excitement of the sport, by exciting additional skill and perseverance for their capture. Another fish which is generally regarded as a distinct species of the trout, appears in these waters late in the fall. It is quite dissimilar in form and color, never attains a great weight, and unlike the others, spawns in the spring. The White or Frost fish appears about the 1st of November, near the outlets of the lakes or on shallows, in immense shoals. They never exceed four pounds, and are covered by large scales, which cleave from the body on the slightest pressure. They refuse the hook, however baited, but are taken in large quantities by the net or grapple, and afford excellent sport.

Our readers are indebted for the following highly interesting account of trout fishing, to the brilliant pen of a cultivated gentleman and keen sportsman, Mr. George S. Potter, of Keeseville :

TROUT FISHING

Among the Adirondacks.

"A suit of velveteens, soft hat, top boots, a lot of fancifully got up fishing rods, a willow basket, a plethoric-looking morocco pocket-book, containing flies, gut, lines and other paraphernalia pertaining to the piscatorial art ; such, varied according to the

taste or means of the *wearer*, is the costume and outfit of the amateur fisherman, as he may be seen almost every day, during the season, at the resorts where pleasure seekers most do congregate among the lakes and streams shut in by the Adirondack range. And these are the vandals who deplete the waters of their finny wealth, in consequence of which game laws are enacted? Not exactly.

"If the kindly landlords of the many comfortable hotels in these wilds, were obliged to depend on these superbly equipped gentlemen to supply their tables with the speckled beauties, most of their guests would depart minus the satisfaction of having made a "*square meal*" of fresh trout. These establishments keep an organized corps of men in their employ, who are thorough woodsmen, and practical fishermen.

"The *season* commences immediately after ice has left the streams and lakes and continues until navigation is again impeded by ice in the later autumn. The first sport in order is *trolling*—you (the visitor) are supplied by mine host with a boat and boatman, and also with the necessary fishing tackle, in case you have not supplied yourself; the boatman catches, or takes from the supply in the tank (kept for the purpose) a certain number of "*shiners*" or "*suckers*," three to five inches in length, wraps them in green leaves or grass, or puts them in a bucket with ice, to keep them fresh, and places them in the bow of his boat within reach of his hand; you take the stern seat with your trolling rod in hand, the boatman shoves off his light craft, takes his oars and pulls steady and strong until he reaches the fishing ground; when he pauses a moment and tells you to put on a minnow (*minny*, he calls it) and let go your line.

"Your rod is furnished with a reel containing sixty to one hundred and fifty yards of fine braided silk or cable laid linen line, on the end of which is looped the half yard of gimp carrying the gang of hooks; above which are the sinkers (if any are needed) and the rudder of lead or zinc to prevent the twisting of the line. The fishing grounds at this early season are near shore, about rocky islands, or the edge of sunken reefs. When quite ready for sport the boatman pulls rapidly until sufficient line is paid out, then quite slowly.

"The greedy trout is attracted by the bright revolving bait, and *strikes* sharp for it. Give a short spring on your rod to *hook* your fish, then reel in slow and steady, keeping the line always taut and relieved by the spring of the rod. If a large *laker* seeks your acquaintance, you may have to give *him* line; when that occurs be sure he gets no *slack*, and *never* use a *stop* reel; your thumb held on the reel is the only safe stop or drag. If the trout is small and peaceable you can reel him in rapidly and lift him into the boat by the *gimp*; but if large and *gamey*, you will need patience, coolness, and a gaff or landing net.

"As the season advances and the water becomes warm in the shallows, the trout seek the cool depths. Then you must troll a longer line, row at a snail's pace, and put on sinkers to carry your bait near the bottom. The early spring is undoubtedly the *best* season for trolling, but trout are caught by experts in that manner, every week while the water is free from ice.

"Another method practiced, and that by which the largest weight of fish is taken, is called "*buoy fishing*." A stone or anchor is attached by a rope to a stick of dry wood, then sunk in thirty to sixty

feet of water, the billet of wood marking the spot; bait (small fish cut up) is scattered about it to attract the trout, and after a sufficient time has elapsed, (twelve hours or more,) the fisherman attaches his bow rope to the buoy stick and with a line in each hand sits and *bobs*. It is *not* exciting sport, but generally *pays*, and the position is favorable to contemplation. Neither of the methods above described can be called *artistic*, and in fact *fly fishing* for trout is the only one that has any just claim to that title. The limits of this article forbid any long description of this delightfully inspiring sport, nor is it necessary. Let the seeker after truth and pleasure supply himself with a copy of dear old Izaak Walton, "a well of pure English undefiled," and if he has a genuine love for nature and artistic sport, he will rise from the perusal of its pages a wiser and a better man.

"The waters adapted to the fly-fisher's art in this region are as varied as extensive, and the zest for sport is constantly kept alive by the changing character of the pastime and the ever beautiful, ever shifting panorama nature spreads before the admiring visitor. The impression is general that fishing for trout with the artificial fly, can only be successfully practiced during a very limited portion of the year; this is a mistake; the genuine speckled trout have been killed in these waters by means of the artificial fly *every month* in the year. Still the trout will not *always* rise to the fly, be it ever so daintily dropped above him, even during the best of the season, and in the most densely populated pool; and the camper-out who takes a proper pride in furnishing his bark table with the "vin du pays," must not be above using the angle warm, grub, grass-hopper, small live shiner, or frog. *Some one* of these

baits is sure to captivate at some hour during the twenty-four.

"There are other methods employed by *greedy brigands* in defiance of law and not worthy the study of the true sportsman, among which are *seineing*, using gill-nets, spearing and grappling on the spawning beds, &c. It is matter of great astonishment as well as regret, that so many whose *pecuniary* interest it is to *preserve* the game in these forests and waters, should countenance such barbarous slaughter."

"For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
This heathen brigand is peculiar ;
Which the same
I am free to maintain."

Notwithstanding the anthem of our sparkling correspondent, we venture to notice one of the methods of fishing which he denounces.

Fishing by torch-light thoroughly enlists the enthusiasm and energies of the fisherman. In a calm night, (and if dark more certain the success), the boat impelled by a single paddle, glides silently through the water, bearing an iron jack at the bow, loaded with light wood, which emits a bright flame, shedding an illumination far in advance. The spearsman, with poised weapon, stands behind the light, with full opportunity of seeing the fish, that sleeping quietly, or attracted by the gleaming of the fire, lies unconscious of danger, and is easily approached and killed. Every part of Lake Champlain, in which the practice is largely pursued, adapted to this sport, presents at the season a brilliant and animated aspect, and glowing with hundred of these fires.

The prevalence of the mosquito, black fly and

midget, in their season, is an exquisite torment, that largely detracts from the enjoyment of the woods. These pests cannot wholly be evaded, but the evil may be vastly mitigated. This result is effected by securing judicious positions, both on land and water, a proper location of rooms, and the use of various applications. The hotel keepers and guides are familiar with these devices, and will impart them to the visitor.

Formerly a pleasant incident often relieved the dreariness and solitude of the scene in the winter season. The ice disappears, in a greater or less extent, from the outlets after the lakes are completely frozen over. Before their haunts were disturbed by man's intrusion, large flocks of Swans were wont to congregate in these openings, and continue there. The instinct that directs them to these cold and solitary retreats, cannot well be explained.

The head waters of the Hudson and of its great tributary, alone remain to be noticed. Several of the largest confluent of the Mohawk are interlaced with the Moose river and Raquette systems. The head waters of the Hudson proper, lie chiefly among the mountains. Its extreme western fountains are situated within a short distance of Long Lake, and their outlet runs nearly parallel to Cold river, a tributary of the Raquette, which has its source in the Preston Ponds, lying up on the Adirondacks, between Mt. Seward and Mt. Henderson. The tributaries of the Hudson traverse nearly every section of the south-western part of Essex county. The miniature lakes and ponds, which repose in almost every valley among the Adirondacks, and form the head springs of these streams, possess indescribable romance and beauty. Now they are embraced and hidden by dense and unbroken forests, and now

encompassed by lofty mountains whose inaccessible precipices descend into their waters by a nearly vertical wall, and now slumbering in the bosom of some lovely and picturesque nook, their mirrored surface, reflecting this varied scenery, is alone broken by the leaping of a trout, the gambols of a deer, or, at far intervals, by the oar of the solitary hunter. These gentle and subduing beauties of nature, combined with the awe-imposing and thrilling grandeur of the mountain spectacles, with the pure, invigorating and health-inspiring air which envelopes them, must render these solitudes among the most desirable resorts, to the philosopher, the invalid and the tourist of pleasure.

Rich Lake, the Chain Lakes, Henderson, a beautiful sheet of water, that almost reaches the foot of Panther Mountain, and Sautanine, discharges into Lake Sanford, at the site of the Adirondack village. The waters unite to form one of the important branches of the Hudson. The Opalescent River is one of the most interesting tributaries to this stream. Lake Avalanche is its highest fountain.

This lake is situated two thousand feet above the level of the Hudson, and is probably the most elevated body of water in the State. A small green lizard is the only animal capable of sustaining life in its intense coldness. This lake has recently been almost extinguished by a fresh avalanche that descended into its bosom. It empties into Lake Colden, and from that source the Opalescent River is discharged into the Hudson. The bed of this stream, which derives its name from the circumstance, abounds with the Opalescent feldspar, and when the sun shines upon a cascade through the clear water, the whole rock glows with the effulgence of the brilliant gem. This beautiful

mineral, the Labrodite, was originally brought from Labrador by the Missionaries, and was rare and valuable. The hyperstene rock of this region is copiously supplied with it, and a search for the stone will amaze and interest the tourist. The writer has picked up fine specimens in the highway at the Adirondack works.

Boreas Pond, which we have seen often mingles with the waters of the Au Sable, is the source of the Boreas River, another important branch of the Hudson. The curious student of animal habits will derive great gratification from visiting on the table land, where these ponds are situated, the remarkable relics of a beaver settlement. Their innumerable houses were built on about an acre of land, as thickly as they could stand. They have been long extinct, and the site of their wonderful works is occupied by a beautiful grove of tamaracs. (O. S. Phelps). Otters are occasionally found on these waters.

Schroon Lake, on the east, forms the reservoir to the waters of the upper Hudson. The lake is ten miles long, but narrow, and is distinguished for its quiet and romantic beauty. A high and precipitous shore encloses it on the east, and on the west a cultivated and charming territory spreads its fertile fields down to the very brink.

Paradox lake is situated in the same valley, and separated from Schroon lake by a drift of alluvial, of apparently modern formation. Paradox lake occupies the basin of hills that environ it in a gentle ascent, except the narrow passage at its outlet, which is a confluent of the Schroon river, and nearly on a level with it. The river, swollen by the mountain torrents, often rises higher than the lake, and pours its waters into the basin, presenting the

paradoxical appearance of a stream rushing back upon its fountain head. The lake derives, from this singular fact, its unique but not inappropriate name. Directly east of Schroon lake, and elevated above it several hundred feet, lies lake Pharaoh, an important body of water, surrounded by a group of dark and gloomy mountains. In this vicinity cluster numerous ponds, the fountain heads of valuable streams.

MOUNTAINS.

Two marked characteristics of the Adirondacks will engage the attention of the observer; the immensity of their numbers, and their wild and irregular formation. They are literally countless. A gentleman of unusual practical sagacity, (Mr. Almon Thomas, of Plattsburgh), informed the writer, that he attempted to count them from the top of Tahawas, by an original expedient. Placing a stick in front of his eye, he ran an imaginary line along the peaks to the horizon, then moving the stick, projected a similar line. After roughly counting the mountains embraced within this section, he repeated the attempt, but after reaching, in a small area, the number of two hundred, he abandoned the experiment as utterly impracticable. They are not disposed in sierras or systematic chains, nor distinctively in regular groups, but appear as if hurled together in indiscriminate masses by Almighty power, or projected from the foundations of the earth by the convulsions of nature. In some portions they stand so compactly that their bases almost start from each other.

In other sections they are more separate and solitary. From the summit of Mt. Marcy, the broadest and most perfect survey of the Adirondacks may be obtained. No imaginative mind looks from that elevation, down upon the scene, without receiving the idea of an ocean of mountain peaks, lifting up their crests upon a billowy sea.

The slopes of the Adirondacks are covered nearly to their summits by thick forest, chiefly Balsams and Spruce, with a mingling of other trees. The poetical Rowan, or Mountain Ash, is, in places, abundant. The Balsam is a most graceful and hardy tree, and flourishes at an altitude where other vegetation disappears. As the height increases, the Balsam becomes more and more dwarfed, but maintains the aspect and form of the perfect tree in miniature. The mosses are another beautiful feature of these mountains. The foot often sinks ankle deep in the rich vegetation that mantles the rocks in its soft and delicate hues, like a velvety carpet.

We have no space to describe the detached and broken ranges of the Adirondacks that distinguish other sections, but must be limited to those mountains which are within the scope of our review.

Mount Marcy, the monarch of these wilds, towers above the surrounding pinnacles, in a beautiful peak, and in one view, in nearly an acute apex. Ascending above every contiguous object, and piercing with this striking formation far upward, no one can contemplate it without recognizing the force and appropriateness of its name, in the energetic and beautiful nomenclature of the Indians. They called the towering mountain projecting its acute top toward the heavens, Tahawas, *The Cloud-Splitter*. The height of this mountain is five thou-

sand four hundred and sixty-seven feet above tide water. Mt. Marcy is ascended from various points. We have indicated several, and will add, that from the Adirondack works, the distance to the summit is about seven miles. A spring wells up on the very pinnacle, near a rude monument of rough stone, erected by Mr. Henderson, whose tragic death soon after, not far from the base of the mountain, excited so profound a sensation.* Geologists will examine with interest large boulders lying detached near the top, and which apparently never had any connection with the rock of the mountain.

Our readers would derive small gratification from a minute description of all, even the loftiest peaks, which may be traced from the top of Tahawas. Mt. McMartin, contiguous to it, falls a little below Mt. Marcy in height, but perhaps surpasses it in massive and imposing magnificence, and exhibits a compact and ponderous structure. Bartlet mountain is in the north, impending over the Au Sable Ponds, and marked by its sharp cone. The Gothic ascends in three naked, but less lofty peaks, in the south-east. In the south-west, appears the Skylight, with its clear and graceful, round cone, generally pronounced the most beautiful of all the Adirondacks. In the eastern direction, is the Giant of the valley, Dix peak, Vial, Nipple Top, and numerous other peaks, which in a different region, would be regarded as lofty pinnacles. Away in the distance, near Long Pond, will be observed Mt. Goodenow, and directly south of this, Mt. Joseph,

* He was almost instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol, while exploring the forest with a single guide and little son. A simple, though elegant monument, has been raised to his memory, by his children, at Calamity Pond, the scene of the catastrophe. It was executed abroad, and borne by manual power to the secluded spot.

which exhibits decided evidences of an extinct volcano, and bears on its very apex, a lake almost fathomless. Far to the north-west tower the peaks of Mt. Seward, more than four thousand feet in height. The region that surrounds and spreads about the base of this mountain, is far the most desolate and savage of any portion of the Adirondacks, and has been rarely explored. It was known to the Indians as, Caugh-sa-va-geh, the "Dismal Wilderness."

A lofty range known as the Keene mountains, presents a peculiar aspect; dark, broken and frowning. The White Face mountain, in the majestic Indian dialect Waho-partenie, an eminence of about five thousand feet, stands remote from the other groups, and occupies the northern extremity of the huge mountain belt that encircles the town of North Elba. This peak, from its rare and admirable proportions, its bald summit, solitary isolation, and the vast pre-eminence of its height above surrounding objects, is a beautiful and conspicuous land-mark, over a wide horizon. It is perhaps the most impressive and imposing of all the Adirondacks. A few years since it presented a spectacle of unequalled sublimity. In the heat and drought of midsummer, the combustible materials upon its summit were fired by accident or design, and during one whole night the conflagration raged, exhibiting to the gaze of hundreds, almost the splendor and awfulness of a volcanic eruption in its wild vehemence. A convenient road* has been construc-

*The proprietor of the "White Face Mountain House" with an enterprise that claims remuneration, has also erected near the top of the mountain, a block-house, furnished with the necessary appliances to secure the comfort, and capable of affording sleeping accommodations for a respectable number of visitors.

ted to the summit of the mountain, from which a magnificent view is commanded over a wide expanse of territory. The peculiar isolated position of this mountain, affords a prospect only limited by the power of vision. Nearly every peak of the Adirondacks spread around it; the long range of the Green Mountains is visible, and it is asserted that beyond, faint glimpses of the shadowy tops of the White Mountains may at times be seen; Lake Champlain glows centrally in the splendid panorama, and a rich and cultivated district stretches between, and softens the scene. In an other direction the glimmering thread of the St. Lawrence is traced along the horizon, and at the north, the spires of Montreal may be discerned. It is said, that more than thirty lakes and ponds, some glittering in the forests, and others reposing on the mountains, may be counted from the summit of White Face.

This mountain tract has been but partially explored. Mountains have not been ascended. Much of its aspects are yet unknown. It possibly remains to daring and energetic adventurers to ascend peaks loftier than any yet measured; to penetrate deeper and more solemn gorges than the Indian Pass, and to discover brighter lakes, and more dashing cascades than have yet been revealed. The exceeding purity and transparency of these mountain waters excite the surprise and admiration of every observer. The gentleman to whose intelligent observation we have been so much indebted, illustrates this peculiarity by relating his own impression. In looking at the bed of a stream or lake, he could with difficulty realize the presence of water. It seemed as if no fluid denser than air, interrupted his vision. The capricious modes of Nature in these wilds are exhib-

ited by another fact: one pool, will present a clear blue tint, in its water, while another closely contiguous, discloses a decided green coloring.

Avenues to the Wilderness.

The Adirondack region may be approached in various directions, and by routes which have now generally been rendered easy and accessible. We propose to glance at each of them, but shall present the most specific directions, in reference to those connected intimately with the Champlain Valley. If the reader will recall our description of the net work of rivers and lakes, which are so strangely interlaced in the water systems of the Wilderness, he will perceive that every locality is readily approached by water, and the surmountings of the slight carries or portages. Each hotel or stopping place is easily accessible from the others by this channel. Visits may be thus interchanged or residences shifted with the greatest facility.

Potsdam route by stages, wagons and navigation to Rock's place, at the foot of Raquette Pond, is represented to be not particularly desirable or attractive.

The Malone and Chateaugay routes we have already mentioned. Malone is fifty miles from Hough's, and fifty-five from Martin's.

Plattsburgh affords one of the prominent, most direct and eligible avenues into the Wilderness. If desired, carriages can at all times be obtained to convey tourists across the country to the lakes, over

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St. Regis House, (Paul Smith's,) St. Regis Lake.

good roads. The usual and most agreeable route, is by the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad, to the Point of Rocks, twenty miles. At this station, lines of four-horse coaches regularly meet the trains, and convey passengers to St. Regis or Saranac Lakes. The route is by plank road, running through Au Sable Forks and Black Brook, where one of the heaviest branches of J. & J. Rogers' Iron Company is established, to Franklin Falls, (twenty miles). Soon after leaving Au Sable Forks, the tourist will observe on the right, a hill dotted by cabins, and honey-combed by excavations. This is the famous Palmer ore bed, a source of immense wealth, and should be visited by the curious. A good hotel will be found at Franklin Falls. At Bloomingdale, eight miles beyond, the road to different points on the lake, separate. (Titus' Hotel). To Paul Smith's is eleven miles, to Hough's, thirteen miles, and to Martin's, eight miles.

Before noticing the various stopping places to which this route leads, we will briefly trace another mode of access to the Wilderness from Plattsburgh. Before the construction of the railroad it was largely used, but is now nearly abandoned. It follows up the Saranac valley along the plank road, by a delightful drive, nineteen miles to Saranac Forks, and then diverges, pursuing the two branches over bad roads. By the north branch it passes Peterborough, a small hamlet, and thence ten miles, to Hunter's Home, a pleasant resort for sportsmen, kept by L. Smith, and situated upon this stream. Thence to Wardner's on Rainbow Lake, nine miles, and thence to Paul Smith's, seven miles. From Hunter's Home to Merrillsville, one mile; Vermontville, five miles; Bloomingdale, three miles,—nine miles.

By the south branch, from the Forks to Silver Lake, four miles; Union Falls, four miles; Franklin Falls, eight miles. The distance from Franklin Falls to Paul Smith's establishment (the St. Regis House), is nineteen miles, over a comfortable road. This hotel which has secured a high reputation is situated at the foot of the lower St. Regis lake, on the head waters of the St. Regis river, and in the vicinity of excellent hunting and fishing grounds. The place is in the region of a multitude of lakes, streams and ponds, and in the vicinity of fine scenery. The house, which is calculated for the accommodation of one hundred and fifty guests, is pleasantly located in the midst of a pine grove, and surrounded by a dense forest. (See Appendix.)

Two portages separate the St. Regis from the Saranac lakes: one, of one and a quarter mile, and the other an eighth of a mile, at each horses are always kept for the convenience of parties.

The road from Franklin Falls to the Saranac lakes runs parallel, and generally on the margin of the Saranac river, a distance of sixteen miles, and is a peculiarly pleasant route. Baker's, situated on the river two miles below the lakes, is a good house, pleasantly situated, and is the first of the resorts the tourist will reach. Milote Baker is the pioneer in this enterprize, and established his house at an early day, and in advance of any other, for the reception of visitors to the lakes, but in changes of circumstance, she has been placed rather outside the of the woods, and yet is accessible to them. Here is a telegraph office. All the stages connected with Saranac Lake stop at this house, where teams are always furnished in any direction. Blood's Hotel stands on the Saranac river, one mile from the

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Martin's Hotel, Saranac Lake.

lake. It has been much enlarged, and is conveniently situated on the highway.

Martin's Hotel, a well known and favorite resort of sportsmen and tourists, is agreeably situated on the banks of the lower Saranac. It is favorably located for hunting and fishing; is easy of access and in a central position, for departure to all the interior lakes and rivers, and to the hunting and fishing grounds. The house has been greatly increased in its capacity, and can accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. The tables of most of these houses are not only supplied with the products of the Wilderness, but are furnished with many luxuries of the city markets. It is claimed that this hotel is a desirable location for the residence of families in the summer months. Carriages and horses are provided for the accommodation of patrons. A telegraph is connected with this house, Baker and Smith's Hotels, and is available by the other houses. (See Appendix).

Bartlett's Hotel is situated twelve miles above Martin's, and stands upon the portage between Round Lake and the upper Saranac. Transportation from Martin's is by boats. This hotel has been for some years familiar to tourists, and well esteemed. Telegraph despatches are forwarded to the office at Martin's. (See Appendix).

At the foot of Big Tupper Lake, M. M. Moody has a boarding house for the reception of about fifty guests, in the midst of good fishing and hunting. (P. O. Saranac Lake). (See Appendix). Mr. Graves' Lodge stands near the head of the same lake. This cottage is well and favorably known. (See Ap.)

Hough's Hotel, now in process of extension, is situated at the head of the Upper Saranac, and may be reached by a road from Bloomingdale, or by water from Smith's, and a carry of two miles,

between Clear Pond and St. Regis Lake, and another from the outlet of Clear Pond to Saranac Lake. The house is adapted to the accommodation of seventy-five or one hundred guests. It is perhaps the finest location in reference to mountain scenery on the lakes, and is surrounded by fine sporting grounds. Hough supplies guides, boats and stores.

Baker, Martin, Smith and Bartlett (and probably all the other hotels, are prepared to perform the same service) advertise to supply parties going into the Wilderness with boats, guides, tents, equipages and all the essentials of camp life, with the necessary stores and provisions. Every individual, whether male or female, should carry with them a costume adapted to the exposure and incidents which they may encounter. The clothing should be warm and stout. A rubber blanket renders the tourist quite independent of the caprices of the weather. The conveniences supplied by the hotels are invaluable when one clings to the water courses, and indispensable if he does not rely on his own resources. But the earnest explorer and the ardent sportsman will prefer, with a guide bearing the absolute necessities, to plunge directly into the forest. If a permanent abode is desired, select a location, and erect a cabin; but if a rambling life is to be adopted, and the canopy of trees is inadequate, a bower can be extemporized in a few minutes. In storms, an incision above and below of the requisite width, around a balsam, and a longitudinal slit, will furnish in a bark shingle the necessary material for constructing a hut beneath the shelter of a rock, that will be impervious to the wind and rain. With a roaring fire in front, reposing upon a couch of hemlocks, no matter how drenched with moisture, he may bid defiance to the elements, and his only discomfort



Bartlett's Hotel, Saranac Lake.

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will be felt in the extreme warmth of his retreat. No one ever contracted a cold in sleeping upon this couch. The pure air of the woods, laded with the aroma of the balsam, hemlock and pine, will impart elasticity and vigor to his system.

Another route to the Saranac lakes, which is rapidly growing in public favor, requires a brief notice. It diverges from the plank road at Au Sable Forks, and passing through the Wilmington Notch, which we have described as one of the most remarkable natural phenomenon of the district, it intersects the Elizabethtown road at Scott's. It is claimed to be the shortest route, and it is second to none in its romantic and striking features. The White Face Mountain House, twelve miles from the Point of Rocks, and twenty-two miles from the lakes, stands on this road, in Wilmington, amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Adirondacks, near the base of the White Face mountain, and on the banks of the Au Sable river. Guides, carriages and saddle horses for ascending the mountain, and boats on the river, are at all times provided. From Point of Rocks to Wilmington, twelve miles; Notch, five miles; Lake Placid, ten miles; North Elba, twelve miles; Baker's or Blood's, ten miles; and to Martin's twenty-two miles. (See appendix.)

By the west branch of the Au Sable, from Point of Rocks to Lower Jay, nine miles; Upper Jay, three miles; Keene, five miles; North Elba, twelve miles; Martin's, eleven miles. A new and convenient hotel is building by Mr. Brewster, at Lake Placid, where is also situated Nash's boarding house.

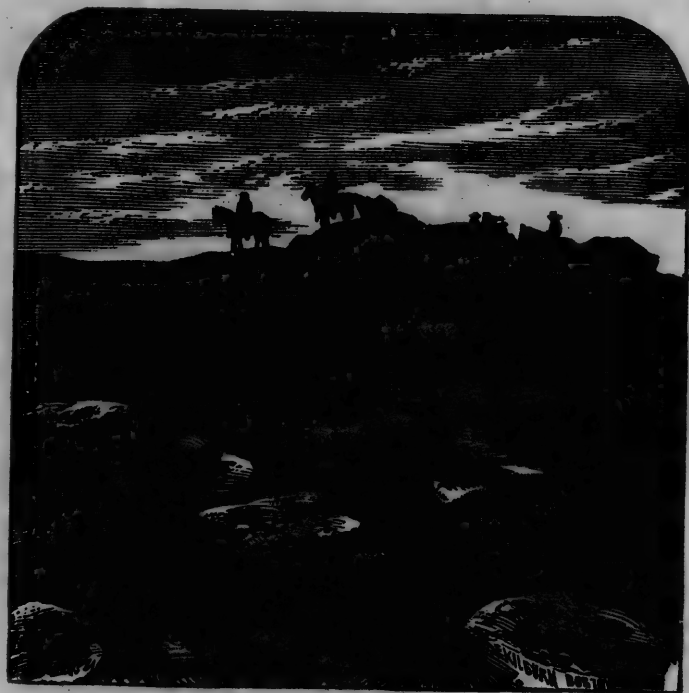
The next route south, on the lake, is from Port Kent, via the Au Sable Chasm and Keeseville. Post coaches meet the boats at Port Kent, and any supply of carriages can at all times be secured at

the landing, by addressing letters or telegrams to Keeseville. (See appendix). The distance from this place to the Point of Rocks, where it connects with the roads just described, is ten miles; to Saranac lakes, by Wilmington Notch, forty-four miles; by Franklin Falls, forty-eight miles; to Paul Smith's, fifty-one miles; to Peru, six miles, and to Plattsburgh, fifteen miles, via Peru, and thirteen direct. To Elizabethtown through the gorge of Poke O Moonshine, twenty-one miles. First-class carriages may at all times be obtained to any of these points.

Another avenue into the Adirondacks starts from Westport, thence eight miles to Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Essex county. This delightful place is known locally, and with great propriety, as Pleasant Valley. It is yearly sought by numerous visitors, as an agreeable refuge from the dust and noise of the cities, on account of the beauty of its situation, on the banks of the Bouquet, and enclosed on every side by mountains; by the salubrity of the air, and its social refinement. Here, in its tasteful cemetery, is the grave of Orlando Kellogg. Among the memorials of the dead, which the stranger will visit with interest in this tranquil spot, stands a monument erected over the grave of a lovely christian lady. Its base is a massive rock of pure, white marble, roughly chiseled, and surmounted by a graceful cross of the same material, richly and elaborately carved. The whole structure is replete with beauty and pathos. On the base is inscribed:

"Out of darkness into His marvellous light."

The idea revealed by the monument and inscription is beautiful and impressive,—the Cross, resting on "The Rock of Ages."



Summit Whiteface Mt., Wilmington, N. Y.

The distance from Pleasant Valley, by the way of Norton's, at Keene Flats, (eleven miles), to Scott's, at North Elba, is twenty-two miles; and from thence to Saranac lakes, fourteen miles. Every interesting locality in the Adirondacks may be visited from this place. Conveyances will always be supplied. Some portions of the road to the lakes are rough and hilly, but no route is more interesting, or presents a more impressive entrance into "The land of the mountain and flood."

The traveler will find here, two excellent hotels, the Valley, and the Mansion House. We may class this place among the most pleasant summer resorts for families.

A tradition has prevailed, since the early settlement of the country, that the partizan Rogers during the colonial war, penetrated to the Plains of Abraham, (North Elba), and there in the absence of the warriors, destroyed an Indian village; that he was pursued and overtaken, just below Pleasant Valley, where a battle occurred. The tale is rendered more probable from the fact that relics of martial weapons, both savage and European, have been found upon the scene of the traditional conflict.

Crown Point is the lake termination of the old Carthage road, constructed by the State many years ago, through the Wilderness to Carthage, in Jefferson county. This road, passing over ridges of the Adirondacks, is mountainous and rugged, but comfortable. A parallel road runs to Schroon from Ticonderoga. The distance by either is about twenty miles. Schroon Valley is an exquisitely beautiful spot, and is becoming a very attractive resort to summer residents. We have already described its romantic waters. Schroon is about twenty-seven miles from Warrenburgh, and thirty-

two miles from Elizabethtown, and is pleasantly reached in both directions by stages.

At Crown Point Landing, where the former of these roads commence, is situated Gunnison's hotel, a new and pleasant summer boarding-house. (See appendix). It is distant by the M. & P. railroad, six miles from the ruins of Crown Point, and nine miles from Ticonderoga, and the mythical "Put's Oak," one and a quarter miles. Private carriages may be obtained here for Schroon or any other point in the vicinity. Hammond Corners, on the Schroon road, one mile; (Bennett's hotel, see appendix); Crown Point Center, three miles. (Ingle's hotel,) to which stages run from the Steamboats, and where private conveyances can be procured to Schroon, and elsewhere; Bailey's hotel, five miles; Thompson's, seven miles. From Gunnison's to head of Paradox lake, fifteen miles; to Root's, nineteen miles; to Ondawa hotel, twenty-two miles. The Ondawa is a new and spacious house, near the head of Schroon lake, and is delightfully situated. Game and fish abound in the neighborhood. The establishment is largely and justly patronized. (See appendix). It is provided with all the appointments designed to promote the comfort and amusement of its patrons. A band of music is in attendance. A good livery stable is connected with the hotel. This is a pleasant residence for ladies and children, while other members of the family are pursuing their sporting in the Wilderness.

The pretty little steamer Libbie makes two daily trips each way, on the beautiful Schroon lake, a miniature of Lake George. Various theories exist in reference to the origin of this unique name. The most intelligent opinion which now prevails, refers it to the French, who during their occupation of

of Ticonderoga, visited the lake, and called it "Scaron," as a memorial of Madam Scaron, the celebrated Maitainon, and secret wife of Louis XIV. The distance from the Ondawa, to lake Pharaoh, by boat and pack, is two miles; to Root's seven miles; to Pottersville hotel, a good and quiet summer resort, nine miles; to lake George, twenty-four miles, and to the Glen a pleasant drive.

Root's hotel, on Schroon river, is a long established and well known hostelry. The wearied and hungry wanderer will always greet the huge glittering antlers inscribed: "Russell Root's Inn," with satisfaction. Several other taverns and boarding houses in the valley are open for the reception of visitors.

Among the various routes to Mt. Marcy is one connected with this point, which is described as direct and practical. It passes by Mud pond, a beautiful sheet of water, embosomed among the deepest recesses of the Wilderness. At this sequestered place, Mr. Moore has opened a house for the accommodation of guests. To facilitate access to the mountains, the enterprising hotel proprietors of Schroon have opened a trail from Mud pond through the forest. Several boats are also prepared on the pond for the convenience of visitors.

Schroon is remarkable for several very curious natural exhibitions, which will be inspected with interest by the tourist. There are two remarkable subterranean passages near Paradox Lake. The first of these forms the channel of a small rivulet, by a natural perforation through the solid rock, several hundred feet in length, and ten or twelve feet below the surface, over which the highway passes, as if on an artificial bridge. In the other, which is mentioned in early works, the explorer enters a

lofty arch, several feet below the surface, carved out by the hand of nature from the rock formation. It presents, at some points, the appearance of almost an exact Gothic structure, and from other views, of broken aisles and abrupt canopies. This dark and gloomy cavern extends a number of rods, and is from four to ten feet in width, and from ten to fifteen feet in height. It is the sluice way of a large stream, which just above the entrance propels a mill and dashes and foams along the rocky descent. Trout are often found within this passage, in pools, which are formed by obstructions to the course of the stream.

Inflammable gas is emitted from the bottom of Schroon Lake, where the water is eighteen or twenty feet in depth. This phenomenon is noticed at all seasons. When the lake is frozen over, the gas collects in various distinct bodies, beneath the ice, where it can be readily discerned. If a small aperture is cut in the ice above one of these collections, the gas rushes forth with great violence, and when a match is applied, ignites and flames up in a brilliant fiery column often eight feet high, and burns usually from five to fifteen minutes, or until its natural receptacle is exhausted. In the summer the gas rises to the surface, at intervals producing a strong ebullition of the water, which continues about five minutes. Burning shavings have been thrust in the gas before it is dissipated, when it instantly takes fire and bursts into a flame several feet high, which spreads over the surface of the lake frequently in a circle of more than thirty feet. An enquiring mind will be gratified by a visit to the rich ore beds and extensive iron works of Mr. John Roth, and to the vast tanneries which abound in this district. The visitor will be surprised to discover

in this secluded place hides taken from the pampas of South America, which will soon be returned to market in varieties of the choicest leather.

The road into the Wilderness turns at right angles from the highway at Root's Tavern, in Schroon, and follows up a turbulent branch of the Schroon river, through a wild and rugged region, to Fenton's (five miles); French's, Boreas river, eleven miles, and eighteen miles to John Cheney's. Stages run regularly from Root's to Long Lake. Every tourist should seek an interview with Cheney, who will impart much interesting information, on all the habits and incidents of wood craft. He is a favorable specimen of the guides and hunters of a former period. Brave, intelligent and faithful, they were always reliable. Many a prototype of "Leather Stockings" wandered in this Wilderness. They possessed dwellings and farms, but these were subordinate interests. Their hearts and homes were among the mountains and lakes; they traversed the mazes of the forests with equal facility by day or night; by the light of the stars, or enveloped in mists. They penetrated alone into the deepest recesses of the forests and in pursuit of this fascinating life spent days, and even weeks in utter solitude and seclusion. With the instincts of the Indian, they were never bewildered. Some mossy tree, a twig bent or broken long before, afforded a certain clue to their position. They traced the game with unerring precision, and with rifles that never failed. Their tales of conflicts with savage beasts and hair breadth escapes from forest dangers, often describe the most thrilling and exciting scenes. Occupying the verge of civilization, the lingering race of these hunters will soon be extinguished by its advance, and like the red man, in whose character and habits

they so strongly participate, their trace will soon be lost or they will be only recalled in local traditions or shadowy reminiscences. In by-gone years, John Cheney was "the famous hunter" among this class of men. He was alone with Mr. Henderson in the Wilderness when he received his fatal wound. Many of the incidents of his life have found their way into print, but the history of his adventures, his exciting Moose hunts, his warfare upon the Wolf, his terrible conflicts with bears in their dens, and panthers in their lairs, would occupy a volume.

A mile beyond Cheney's is Tahawas village, or the Lower Works, as they were designated by the Adirondack Company, near the foot of Lake Sanford, (Tahawas Hotel.) We will briefly turn from our route to make an excursion, (ten miles,) to the abandoned works of the Company, located on the stream between Lake Henderson and Lake Sanford. It may be made by water or over a passable road, which affords as perfect views of mountain scenery as the mind can conceive. The road passes along a narrow valley between the lake and the mountain. Mt Marcy and the cluster of peaks that surround it impending on the right, the Wall Face Mountain in the distance, rearing its Titanic masonry above the Indian Pass, and on every side, "Alps on Alps arise." The visitor will be amazed to discover in this silent and deserted village, and at both extremities of the lake the appliances of commerce and the vestiges of a great manufacturing institution. There are massive dams, wharves, store-houses and iron works; but a single watchman alone patrols the former seat of vast business activity. The edifices are all unoccupied. This is one of the largest and most affluent districts of mineral wealth in the world. The whole structure of the earth is appar-

ently formed of iron ore ; the cellars were excavated in the mineral, the river is spanned by a natural iron dam. The remoteness of the position, and other causes, compelled, many years ago, a suspension of the works, but the sanguine hope is cherished, that the Adirondack Railroad, which is gradually approaching the Wilderness, will rekindle these fires, and utilize to the world the incomputable wealth hidden in these deep recesses. The spectacle exhibited here will strongly interest the explorer and is calculated to create the most solemn and impressive emotions. Our limits will not permit a recital of the extraordinary history of the place; the revelation by the Indian brave to Mr. Henderson, of the existence of the vast deposits of ore and of the iron dam; the secret expedition to explore it; the bivouac in the Indian Pass, to escape observation; the stealthy excavation; the cautious disguising of the work; the rapid retreat; the hurrying to Albany to secure the title, and the terrible death of Mr. Henderson amid the wilds. Histories of Essex county minutely narrate the tale.

A comfortable carriage road diverges at Pottersville from the great northern highway running to Schroon, and passing through Olmsteadville and Minerva, intersects with the route we have been following, a mile west of Tahawas. The distance is about twenty-four miles. At Minerva, is Champney's house, and eight miles north Hewitt's place. Pursuing the road towards Long Lake, we pass a little hamlet on Harris lake, and stop at the familiar resort of Daniel Bissell, and soon after skirt along the margin of Rich Pond, both fountain heads of the Hudson. Long Lake is in Hamilton County, forty-one miles from Root's, where we entered the Wilderness. A post office is established

at this place, known as the Long Lake P. O. Stages run weekly to Warrensburgh leaving on Mondays, and connecting with the cars on Tuesday. Extra conveyances are always provided. There is a good hotel by C. H. Kellogg, which will accommodate about thirty visitors, and a boarding house by Mitchell Sabatis, the well known hunter and intelligent guide, who will "render comfortable about sixteen guests." Tourists are supplied with all the necessary appliances for the woods or lakes. The nearest station of the Adirondack Railroad from Long Lake, is between forty and fifty miles. The distance to Martin's on Saranac Lake is forty miles, and to Paul Smith's, fifty miles. Three miles from Kellogg's, near the head of Long Lake, is the house of Mr. Palmer. On Raquette Lake, near the foot, is situated Cary's Hotel; in the opposite direction, below Long Lake, and at Raquette Falls, is Johnson's place.

From Carthage to Long Lake is between forty and fifty miles, by the Beach Lake road. Another avenue is from Booneville, by Lyonsdale, seven miles, Avery's, five and a half miles; to Arnold's, fourteen miles, and from thence to Kellogg's, on Long Lake, forty miles. The requisite pack horses and other conveniences are provided on this route, to transport persons and baggage across the carries.

Graves' Lodge, a cottage-like retreat, is situated near the head, and M. M. Moody's establishment at the foot of Great Tupper lake. (See appendix). These are pleasant resorts, where every convenience will be furnished for enjoying the superior hunting and fishing which abounds in the region.

Vast changes, it is manifest, are impending in the aspect and relations of this region. The ad-

vent of the Adirondack Railroad that is slowly invading the Wilderness, and which proposes to pierce its deepest recesses diagonally, must work a radical revolution in its condition. The utilitarian spirit of the age will not be arrested by the restraints of sentiment. Sentiment would perpetuate these wilds, as vast preserves of fish and game, for the benefit of coming generations. Taste would forbid these scenes of beauty and splendor, of solitude and silence, to be desecrated. A wise forecast might demand that these forests should be maintained to secure a perpetual supply to the countless streams that flow from their bosom. But the insatiate lust of wealth, in this instance doubtless just, will exact the vast affluence that slumbers in the ores and timber of the Adirondacks, and the exhaustless mineral riches, already known and those yet unrevealed, of which the former is the type and index. Iron, is however, far from being the exclusive mineral contained in the bosom of the Adirondacks. Plumbago and kaolin, have been found in large deposits, and practically utilized. Traces of galena are noticed in every section. Copper ore of peculiar richness, has been discovered in Crown Point, in the same pit from which the remarkable native Phosphate of Lime is extracted, and little doubt exists of the presence of silver ore in the vicinity of Indian Pass.

The tradition seems quite authentic, that a hunter, lost in the forest, and wandering two days, noticed a brilliant substance in the seams of the rock; specimens of which he secured. At length recovering his courses, he regained the open country, and subsequently caused the material to be analyzed, which was pronounced pure silver ore. A somewhat apochryphal part of the tale, says that

silver spoons were fabricated from the mineral. Ardent search has been made by the discoverer, and numerous believers, for the spot, but without success.

When this territory shall be rendered accessible, the stately forest will be claimed for the uses of industry, and the venerable pines, which have towered among them, in majestic beauty, will fall beneath the axe of the lumberman. In some sections, as we have noticed, the process is already initiated.

Happily, in reference to the views of those who would spare this Wilderness, large portions of it are impenetrable to this pursuit, and still larger portions are impracticable to agriculture. These recuperative energies of nature will always rehabilitate it with a fresh and copious vegetation. The hope may be confidently cherished, that these head springs, of such incalculable value to the State, will never be desecrated, and that its features of tranquil beauty will never wholly be obliterated from the Northern Wilderness.

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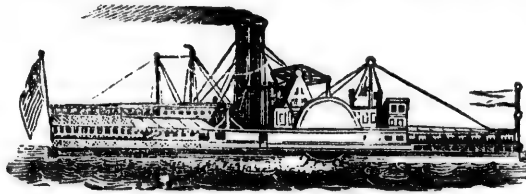
ERRATA.

Page 56, 16th line from bottom, read Hallock Hill, for Hallock.
Page 57, last word, read extent for expanse.
Page 58, 11th line from top, read villas for villages.
Pages 32 and 67, read Lion for Leon.
Page 115, read Potter for Pottr.
Page 144, 8th line from bottom, read these for the.

C

APPENDIX.

TO SEE LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE By Day-Light.



GOING SOUTH.

Leave Montreal by Champlain and St. Lawrence railroad, 4.00 P. M.; take the steamer at Rouses Point and reach Plattsburgh for supper, passing by day-light the site of the old Fort St. Ann, on Isle La Motte, built by the French in 1775, and Cumberland Head, where Burgoyne collected together his army in 1777, preparatory to his attack on Ticonderoga; or by the Train to Lachine and Caughnawaga, thence by M. & P. Railroad direct to Plattsburgh. Stopping at Fouquet's Hotel over night, passengers can take the steamer for Whitehall or Lake George at 8.00 A. M., the next morning thus having an opportunity to view by day-light all the places of interest upon the shores of this beautiful Lake, arriving at Whitehall at 4 P. M., or Saratoga at 6 P. M.

For Lake George

Passengers will leave the steamer at Ticonderoga at 2 P. M., thence by stage, 4 miles around the rapids ; thence by steamer to Caldwell at the upper end of the lake.

FOUQUET'S HOTEL, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

This Hotel is situated at Plattsburgh, upon the western shore of Lake Champlain, on the banks of Cumberland Bay, which was the scene of the naval battle between the English and American fleets, Sept. 11th, 1814. At this Hotel, conveniently located within a few rods of the steamboat landing and the depots, its piazzas commanding a fine view of the Lake, the Green Mountains on the east, and the Adirondacks on the west, and standing in the midst of a great garden of flowers, open to the guests, the traveller finds every convenience and comfort. This house, noted for its excellently served tables, and courteous management, and which heretofore has received transient guests only, is opened this season for permanent boarders. Also, connected as it is by daily lines with Montreal, Lake George, Alburgh and the Iodine Springs on Grand Isle, the Au Sable Chasm (a wonderful natural spectacle just coming into notice) and the Adirondack Wilderness proper, few places are so admirably adapted to furnish health and recreation.

From Montreal to Plattsburgh.

As there is no boat leaving Rouses Point Saturday evening, tourists desirous of spending Sunday in Plattsburgh, en route for Lake George and Saratoga, will require to leave Montreal by the Plattsburgh and Montreal railroad, via Lachine and Caughnawaga, at 3 P. M., by which they will arrive at Fouquet's Hotel at 6.45 P. M.

ROUTES TO PLATTSBURGH

And the Au Sable Chasm.

From the White Mountains.

Take the stages at Crawford and Profile Houses (twice daily) for Littleton, N. H.; thence by rail to Wells river. Leave Wells River at 10.15 A. M., White River Junction at 1.30 P. M., arriving at Burlington at 5.50 P. M., thence by steamer to Plattsburgh and the Au Sable Chasm.

FROM MOUNT MANSFIELD.

Take stages 6.30 A. M., or 2.00 P. M., to Waterbury, thence by Vermont Central Railroad to Burlington, thence by steamer to Plattsburgh; or continuing by cars from Waterbury to St. Albans, remaining over night, thence by steamer "Andrew Williams" from St. Albans Bay, passing over the most beautiful part of Lake Champlain. The Lake, here dotted with beautiful verdure-clad islands in every direction, and the whole scene backed with the mountain ranges on both sides of the lake, more nearly resembles the scenery of Archipelago of the Aegean Sea than any other view on this continent. This steamer, the "A. Williams," plies between St. Albans Bay, the North and South Heros, and Plattsburgh.

FROM SARATOGA SPRINGS AND LAKE GEORGE TO PLATTSBURGH AND THE AU SABLE CHASM.

Leave Saratoga at 9. 20 A. M., or 7.15 P. M., Whitehall at 11.15 A. M., or 9.15 P. M.; Burlington at 3.30 A. M., or 5.00 P. M. Arrive at Plattsburgh 4.30 A. M., or 6.30 P. M., from thence to Port Kent by boat, and by stage, 2 miles to the Chasm.

If *en route* from the White Mountains to Lake George, go direct to Burlington, take steamer from Burlington to Port Kent, thence by Stage, 2 miles to Au Sable Chasm; take the evening boat to Plattsburgh; pass the night at Fouquet's, and take the day-boat the following day for Lake George, or evening boat from Burlington direct to Plattsburgh boat; the following morning to Port Kent and the Chasm; evening boat to Burlington, or through the lake same evening, from Port Kent,—spending the day at the Chasm.

If *en route* from Saratoga to the White Mountains, and you wish to visit the Chasm, go direct to Plattsburgh, and take steamer next morning for Port Kent, thence by stage, 2 miles; pass the day at the Chasm, take the boat same evening for Burlington and proceed on your journey next morning from that point.

1871.

1871.

Route to the Adirondacks.

Great inducements are now offered to Business men, for recreation, to visit the Adirondacks, the most healthy and picturesque region in America.

Business men, Sportsmen and Parties contemplating a trip to the Wilderness, should notice the unusual facilities offered this season, making the woods easy of access.

Arrangements have been completed to run a regular daily mail and Express line of Four Horse Coaches by the "Adirondack Stage Co." to the Saranac and St. Regis region, leaving Point of Rocks, Ausable Station, the terminal station on the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad, every morning on arrival of the train,—reaching Paul Smith's and Martin's early the same day. A telegraph line is now erected to Paul Smith's and Martin's, from which dispatches can be speedily carried to all parts of the Wilderness. In short, the tourist, sportsman and invalid, can now visit this wonderful region with rapidity and ease.

ROUTE FROM BOSTON.—Leave by trains via Fitchburgh or Lowell depot at 7.30 A. M., or 5.30 P. M. for Burlington, making close connections with the steamers on Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, thence via the W. & P. Railroad to Point of Rocks, Au Sable Station,—hence by stage.

Parties leaving Boston on the morning train, can remain over night at Plattsburgh and resume their journey in the morning.

ROUTE FROM NEW YORK.—Via Hudson or Harlem Railroads, or Hudson River Line of Steamers to Troy or Albany, thence by Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, and by Lake Champlain Steamers from Whitehall.

 Tickets can now be purchased, and baggage checked direct to Paul Smith's and Martin's.

LAKE HOUSE, LAKE GEORGE, Warren County, N. Y.

This large, well-known, and charmingly situated Hotel is newly opened by the present proprietors for the accomodation of pleasure tourists during the season of 1871. It has been thoroughly fitted up and provided with every convenience and luxury for the comfort and recreation of its guests, and no pains will be spared to make the LAKE HOUSE, in every respect, unsurpassed as a most attractive and delightful place of Summer resort.

Direct communication by rail and boat from New York, Boston and Montreal. Parties desiring rooms will please address

Caldwell, Warren Co., N. Y.

EGBERT J. GALE,

Proprietor.

HIRAM BUCK, Notary Public, Surveyor, Broker, And Dealer in REAL ESTATE,

Offers for sale on reasonable terms, 50,000 acres of Valuable Timber and Farming Lands, situate in Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Hamilton, St. Lawrence, Warren, and other counties. A good portion of the above lands located in and around the northern Wilderness, making desirable lots for fitting up summer Lodges, &c. Enclose stamp for list of Lots to

HIRAM BUCK,

Essex Co., N. Y.

Real Estate Agent,
Crown Point Center.

GUNNISON'S HOTEL, Crown Point, Essex Co., N. Y.

This new and elegant Hotel will be open this season.

Pleasantly situated on the shore of Lake Champlain, for beauty and convenience of location it is unsurpassed. Extensive view of Champlain Valley and Lake, Green Mountains and Adirondacks. Steamboat, Railroad and telegraph communication to all points; (ticket office in the Hotel.) On the popular route to Mount Marcy and Indian Pass. Short drive from old Crown Point and "TI" Forts, Putt's Oak, Mineral Spring, &c. House new; rooms spacious and well ventilated; broad piazzas; cool exhilarating breezes and healthful climate.

Horses and carriages for Ondawa Hotel, Schroon Lake, Adirondack region and other points of interest, on reasonable terms. (Capacity about 50 guests.)

A. & W. C. GUNNISON.

CLINTON HOUSE,

Dannemora,

BY R. K. & O. B. BROMLEY.

This Hotel, having been enlarged and improved by the present proprietors, is now ready for the entertainment of guests en route to the Chazy and other sales of the Adirondack region, and will be found a pleasant resting place for parties going to, and returning from the "Great Wilderness." Its rooms are commodious and airy, and the table is always furnished with fine trout and game, and the choicest of everything in season. On the completion of its new sheds and stables, now nearly finished, it will afford the best accommodation for horses to be found anywhere in this region.

A daily line of Four Horse Coaches

owned by the proprietors of this hotel, affords easy and pleasant transportation between Plattsburgh and Dannemora, with a branch running to Saranac and Redford. A supply of choice Wines and Cigars constantly on hand.

Adirondack Hotel,

KEESEVILLE, N. Y.,

N. C. BOYNTON, Proprietor.

This well known house will continue to be kept as a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

Its rooms are pleasant, its tables good, and every attention will be paid to the traveller, whether on business or for pleasure.

GRAVES' LODGE.

Located at the head of Tupper's Lake.

This Lodge is situated in the finest Hunting and Fishing region in the Wilderness.

Board and Lodging per week, \$10.00. Board and lodging per day, \$1.00.

WM. W. GRAVES,

P. O. Address, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Proprietor.

MOODY'S HOTEL,

Big Tupper Lake.

This house is pleasantly situated at the foot of the lake, in the midst of the very best hunting and fishing grounds. Guides and boats and all necessary supplies furnished at reasonable rates. The place can be easily reached from Long Lake and from the hotels on St. Regis and Saranac Lakes. About fifty guests can be accommodated. Board, 50 cents per meal and 50 cents lodging. Ten dollars by the week.

M. M. MOODY,
Proprietor.

P. O. Saranac Lake.

MARTIN'S HOTEL,

LOWER SARANAC LAKE.

This house has been doubled in capacity the last year and will accommodate 150 guests. It is in the immediate vicinity of the best hunting grounds and fishing, (both Lake and the speckled brook Trout), in the Wilderness, and is centrally situated for access to other resorts. It is connected with Keeseville and Point of Rocks by daily stages, carrying the mail, and by tri-weekly stages with Westport, via Elizabethtown, Keene and North Elba; Stages also run through Wilmington Notch. Telegraph and Post offices at the house. The location renders it a desirable summer residence for families. There is a croquet ground on the premises. Horses and carriages in readiness for guests. Good guides and boat supplied at \$2.50 or \$3.00 per day. Board \$2.50 the day and \$12.00 the week, governed by quality of rooms.

Nothing will be omitted to secure the comfort and enjoyment of patrons.

W. F. MARTIN.

Saranac Lake, P. O.

CROWN POINT HOUSE,

Crown Point, N. Y.

This well-known and popular house is situated at Hammond's Corners, one mile from the Steamboat landing and the W. and P. R. R. depot, and on the direct road leading to the "Old Fort" at Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Lake George and the Adirondack Wilderness. Telegraph office, next door. This being the principal business portion of the town, business men and pleasure seekers will find good accommodations. Teams at short notice and upon reasonable terms.

A. J. BENNETT,
Proprietor.

DUNTON HOUSE,

Brasher Falls Depot, N. Y.

This is the nearest depot to Massena Springs. Daily stages during pleasure travel, also good livery accommodation for conveying passengers. Ample accommodations for guests who come on evening trains to remain over night.

L. H. DUNTON,
Proprietor.

Chazy Lake HOUSE,

BY M. MEADER & BROTHER.

This new Hotel is delightfully located on the East shore of Chazy Lake, between Eagle Point and Half-way Point, the site having been selected for its pleasant surroundings, and the fine view it affords of the Lake and surrounding scenery. It has been fitted up and furnished with every convenience for the comfort of guests, and will be found a delightful resort, for gentlemen and ladies seeking health and recreation during the summer.

BOATS AND GUIDES

will be in readiness at all times for the accommodation of fishing and hunting parties.

CHARGES IN ALL CASES, REASONABLE.

WHITEFACE

Mountain House,

WESTON & AYER, - - - - - Proprietors,

WILMINGTON,

Essex County, - - - New York.

This House is situated on the Ausable River, at the base of Whiteface Mountain, (5,000 feet in height,) amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Adirondacks. The view from Whiteface is magnificent beyond description. Looking towards the North we behold Lake Ontario, and the bright waters of the distant St. Lawrence. To the South the central group of the Adirondacks looms up in savage magnificence; to the East we behold a few little villages, while farther away may be seen the Green Mountains and the broad bosom of Lake Champlain, and still beyond we mark the dim outlines of the White Mountains; to the West a long chain of Lakes lies full in view, and at the foot of the Mountain lies Lake Placid—picture of fairy land; while upon every side you behold dense, deep forests, as far as the eye can reach. There is so much variety in the scene that all the elements of beauty and grandeur seem blended together.

This house is situated on the most direct route to Saranac Lakes. In going by this route you pass the Flume, Big and Little Falls, on the Ausable, within half a mile of John Brown's Grave, and through the celebrated Wilmington Pass, that great natural wonder, of which the types have already given so many accounts. The lover of nature will be charmed beyond expression by the grandeur and beauty with which it is invested. More than one-fourth of a mile the Pass is only of sufficient width for the passage of the carriage road and river. On either hand rise the river rocks towering almost perpendicular hundreds of feet above you.

Stages will be in waiting at Ausable Station upon the arrival of trains, to convey passengers to the Whiteface Mountain House and Saranac Lakes by Wilmington Pass. Passengers going by this route to Saranac Lakes can stop at the Whiteface Mountain House and have an opportunity of ascending the Mountain, and be carried for the same price as if they went through direct.

Distance from this House to Saranac Lakes, 22 miles; Keene Flats, 14 miles; North Elba, 12 miles; Indian Pass, 18 miles; Keeseville 22 miles; St Regis, 37 miles; Ausable Station, 12 miles; Elizabethtown, 22 miles.

Boats will be provided on the River, to accommodate the guests of the House; also, necessary attendants, at all times.

Guides, Carriages and good Saddle Horses, for ascending the Mountain, provided at any time desired. The proprietors of the Mountain House have erected a comfortable rustic house near the summit, in which can be obtained good board and comfortable lodging.

Parties desiring a place of summer resort will find this as pleasant and healthy locality as can be found in Northern New York. Charges reasonable. No pains will be spared to render the stay of the guests pleasant.

Yours, very truly,

GEORGE WESTON, } Proprietors,
GEORGE AYER, }

Wilmington, N. Y.

A Popular Summer Resort.

ALBURGH SPRINGS HOUSE,

Alburgh Springs, Vt.

The friends and patrons of these Springs will be pleased to learn that this commodious and thoroughly appointed Hotel, which will compare favorably with any in the country for elegance and comfort, will be opened for the reception of guests, June 10th, 1871.

This House (which encloses in its grounds the principal Springs) is located near the banks of the beautiful Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, sixteen miles north from St. Albans and ten miles east from Rouses' Point, on the line of the Vermont Central R. R. The depot is within one mile of the House, and the Carriages, and attentive porters of the Hotel are always in attendance.

The lake and mountain scenery is picturesque and grand. The facilities for boating, shooting and fishing render this region peculiarly attractive to Artists, Sportsmen and Pleasure-seekers. The proprietor has made arrangements with the favorite Excursion Steamer "A. WILLIAMS," to make Excursion trips among the beautiful Islands in the vicinity, or to Plattsburgh and the great Ausable Chasm twice a week if parties so desire. These famous Lithia and Sulphur Springs are now esteemed by the Medical profession as the most valuable in America in point of Medicinal and Curative properties.

The Bathing facilities are good; a large and commodious Bath House at the Springs furnishes both Hot and Cold baths of the Lithia and Sulphur Waters. (For full particulars see pamphlets.)

The Drives in the immediate vicinity present the greatest attractions. Horses, Carriages and Boats, with guides, always at command of guests.

Where the Alburgh Springs Water can be obtained.

Messrs. Burr & Perry, 23 Tremont St., Boston. Messrs. Rust, Bros. & Bird, 43 Hanover St., Boston. At corner of Bromfield and Washington Sts., on draught and by the case, Hoyt & Blanchard, 293 Greenwich St., New York. Dr. Hubbard Foster, 31 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Henry Foster, Clifton Springs, N. Y. Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Cowdin, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia, Penn. C. P. Fiske, 219 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Messrs. Farrand, Sherley & Co., Detroit, Mich. William Wasten, Port Huron, Mich.

Of the Proprietor,

WILLARD SEARS, No. 142 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

And at Alburgh Springs of **D. S. CUTTING, Manager,**

Of whom Rooms may be engaged in advance.

S. & R. S. WIRES'



GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
Corner of Church and College Streets,
Burlington, Vermont.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$80,000,000.

Fire and Marine Insurance to any amount effected in responsible Companies on the most satisfactory terms.

This Agency was established in 1846.

AMERICAN HOTEL, BURLINGTON, VT.

Recently enlarged and improved.

H. H. HOWE & CO.,
Proprietors.

A large and extensive livery establishment in connection with this house.

Western Union Telegraph Office and Ticket Offices for the various lines of Railway and Steamboat, in the House.

VAN NESS HOUSE,

Corner of Main and St. Paul Streets,
BURLINGTON, VT.

This House is the largest in Burlington, and will rank as one of the most convenient and thoroughly constructed Houses in New England. Its location is in the centre of the city, standing on the site of the "Old Howard Hotel." The House fronts on the park, and commands an unobstructed view of Lake Champlain, the Adirondack and Green Mountains and other picturesque scenery. The Furnishing of the house are all new and modern. The proprietors, having had many years experience in the business, feel confident that they can cater successfully to the requirements of the travelling public. Guests may rely upon receiving courteous attention and being supplied with all the comforts of a first class house.

A Billiard Hall, Barber's Shop and Bath Rooms are connected with the House. Carriages for the Van Ness House will attend the arrival of all the trains and boats.

DANIEL C. BARBER,
OSCAR B. FERGUSON,
Proprietors.

A. LA DUKE'S LIVERY STABLE, ST. PAUL STREET, WEST SIDE CITY PARK, BURLINGTON, VT.

Pleasure Parties can at all times be supplied with first-class "turn-outs;" also experienced and careful drivers.



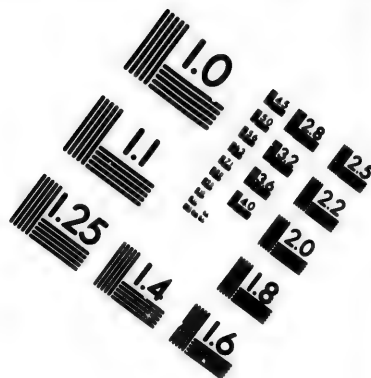
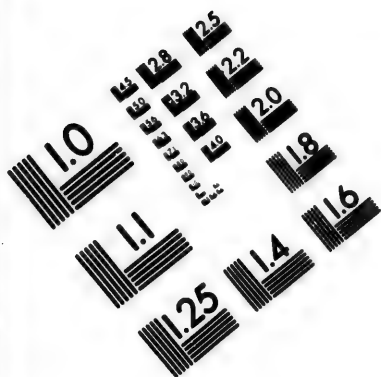
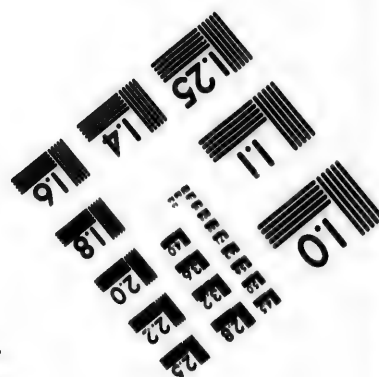
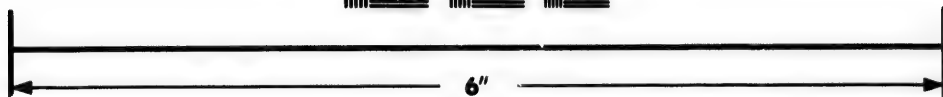
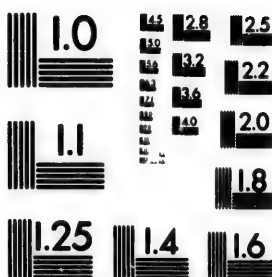


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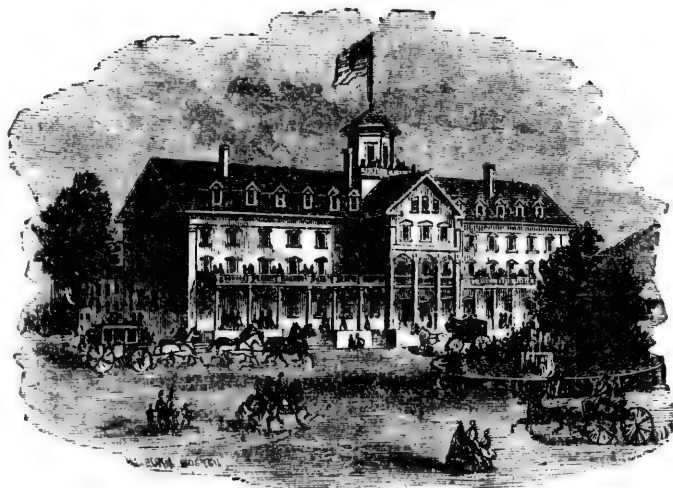
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Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
YONKERS, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

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Mount Mansfield Hotel,



STOWE, VT.

This celebrated place of summer resort affords extra inducements to the public to visit it and its surroundings. Board will be at a reduced price in harmony with the downward tendency of values. The proprietors are determined not to be excelled in their attention to guests, nor in courtesy to them by their employees.

The walks and drives cannot be surpassed. Sunset Hill, a short distance from the Hotel, commands a fine view of the mountains and surrounding country. The drives are fine—Mount Mansfield, eight miles; Smuggler's Notch, one of the most wild and romantic places in the country, eight miles; Bingham's Falls, five miles; Moss Glen Falls, three and one half miles; Gold Brook, three miles; West Hill, two miles; Morrisville Falls, eight miles; Johnson's Falls, twelve miles; Nebraska, six miles.

The Mount Mansfield is a new hotel, and has rooms for four hundred guests. The rooms are airy, with good spring beds; large, and in suits or private parlors, as may be desired. The hotel is brilliantly lighted with gas, made on the premises, and guests will therefore not be subject to any disagreeable smoke or smell from oil or camphene. Valuable medicinal spring water is furnished at the hotel, free of charge.

An extensive livery is connected with the hotel, and abundant stable room for those who desire their own teams; also, billiard tables, bowling-alleys, cafe, croquet grounds, and theatre; with telegraph office near the hotel. A carriage

road has been constructed to the summit of Mount Mansfield (about five thousand feet high), on which is an excellent hotel, making the most delightful mountain trip possible.

The route to Mt. Mansfield Hotel is via the Vermont Central Railroad, leaving it at Waterbury Station, Vt.; thence, ten miles by stage, to Stowe, through the finest scenery in the Green Mountains.

Tickets can be obtained of Lansing Millis, at Sears' Building, No. 65 Washington Street, Boston; No. 9 Astor House, and all the principal hotels in New York; Continental Hotel, No. 811 Chestnut Street, and Penn. R. R. Offices, in Philadelphia; Phil. W. & B. R. R. and No. Central Railway ticket offices, Baltimore; N. C. Ry. and B. & O. R. R. ticket offices, Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va., and principal cities South; at International and Cataract Houses, Niagara Falls; at Saratoga Springs, and at No. 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Also, on board the Steamboats on Lake Champlain.

ONDAWA HOTEL,

Schroon Lake, Essex Co., N. Y.

This popular and well established summer resort is situated on the shortest, most direct, commodious and picturesque route from Saratoga and the South, to the Adirondack Wilderness, Mount Marcy, Indian Pass, &c., (see map).

Adirondack R. R. to the "New Bridge,"—5 miles by coach to foot of Schroon Lake—9 miles by Steamer to the "Ondawa," thence by carriage to Mud Pond and Bridle Path to the base of Mount Marcy, 20 miles from the Ondawa.

Schroon Lake, with the balmy air, variegated scenery and picturesque surroundings, forms one of the most fascinating retreats, and is fast superceding Lake George; while the Ondawa, towering above the quiet village surrounding it, beckons the tourist to a pleasant rest before entering camp life among the mountain passes. In the midst of the best fishing and hunting grounds, with croquet park, billiard hall, Quadrille and brass band; spacious and airy suits of rooms; venison and trout fresh from the surrounding woods and waters, all conspire to render a stay pleasing to all tastes and classes.

Livery stables attached. Charges moderate. Capacity 100 or more.

J. D. BURWELL,
Proprietor.

Schroon Lake, N. Y.

PAUL SMITH'S HOTEL, ST. REGIS LAKE.

This Hotel is situated at the foot of the Lower St. Regis Lake, on the head waters of the St. Regis River, and is in the immediate vicinity of the best hunting and fishing grounds in the Great Wilderness. To the south lay the great chain of the Saranac Lakes and the John Brown tract. To the northward there is a chain of lakes and ponds for a distance of twenty miles, where there is fine fishing. To the westward, the St. Regis River and innumerable lakes and ponds emptying into it, which have as yet hardly been visited by the sportsmen.

This house is delightfully situated in an extensive pine grove, and is surrounded on all sides by the dense forest. It is supplied with delicious water from Mountain Pond, a distance of a quarter of a mile. It has good accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. A guide and boat house, with accommodations for one hundred guides and boats, is connected with the hotel.

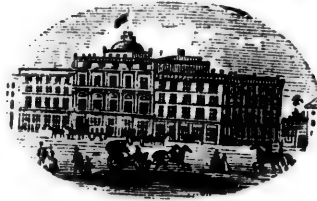
Parties going into the wilderness to camp out, can be furnished with everything complete for their comfort, such as tents, camp equipage, blankets, &c., which will be leased to them; and also all kinds of stores, consisting of provisions, canned fruits, condensed milk, coffee, &c., at satisfactory rates, thereby saving much trouble in transporting the same articles from distances. From St. Regis Lake to the Saranac Lakes there are but two portages, one of a mile and a quarter and the other one-eighth of a mile, where horses are always kept for transporting parties across. There is a Telegraph Office connected with the house.

There is an extensive livery stable connected with the house. Guests, by writing or telegraphing to the proprietor have good horses and carriages, and careful drivers, to meet them at any point desired, and at reasonable rates.

There has been an extensive addition made to the house this season, consisting of Billiard room, Bath rooms and Barber shop.

A. A. SMITH,
Proprietor.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

Permit us the liberty of calling your attention to the above well-known Hotel, situated in one of the pleasantest parts of the City,—on Victoria Square,—in the vicinity of Public Offices, Banks, &c., which has been newly furnished, and undergone numerous alterations with additions to render it a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

In making the improvements, the Proprietors have taken particular pains to

Provide every Comfort for Guests.

They have fitted the house up with all the modern improvements,

BATH ROOMS and CLOSET

have been added to every floor. They feel satisfied that they can offer accommodation which cannot fail to give satisfaction to parties favoring them with their patronage.

The long experience of Messrs. Hogan and Geriken in the Hotel Business, with Mr. Montgomery as Manager, (who has acted as such in foreign countries as well as in this,) will be a guarantee that the ST. JAMES will be

Second to no Hotel in the Dominion.

It will be optional for parties desiring Rooms at the St. James, to engage them

With or Without Board,

for which the most moderate prices will be charged.

OTTAWA HOTEL,



Montreal, Dominion of Canada.

The undersigned respectfully inform their numerous friends and patrons in Canada, and the United States, that, by the recent enlargement and improvements effected in this establishment, they are now prepared to accommodate over 350 guests. The Ottawa Hotel covers the entire space of ground running between St. James and Notre Dame Sts., and has two beautiful fronts; the one on the right, represents the front on Notre Dame St., and the other on the left, the St. James St. front. The house has been thoroughly refitted and furnished with every regard to comfort and luxury; and has hot and cold water baths and closets on each floor. The aim has been to make this the most unexceptionable first-class hotel in Montreal. Messrs. Burnett & Mather trust that their long experience in first-class hotels in New York City and the United States, will give confidence to their friends and the travelling public that they will receive every comfort and attention at the Ottawa.

Carriages, with attentive drivers, can be had at all times by application at the office; coaches will also be found at the Railway depot and Steamboat Landing on the arrival of the several trains and Steamers.

BURNETT & MATHER,

Proprietors.

D. C. Burnett, late proprietor of Woodruff House, Watertown, N. Y. St. James Hotel Montreal. E. C. Mather, late of Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, Md.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,



SITUATED ON ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

H. HOGAN, - - - - - Proprietor.

This first-class hotel (the largest in Montreal) is situated on St. James Street, in the immediate vicinity of the French Cathedral, or Church "Ville Marie," Notre Dame Street, adjoining the Post Office, Place d'Armes and Banks ; is only one minute's walk from Grey or Black Nunneries, new Court House, Reading Rooms, Champ de Mars, (where the troops are reviewed), Mechanics' Institute, Bonsecours Market, and Fashionable Stores. The new Theatre Royal is directly in rear of the House, and several of the best boxes are regularly kept for Guests of this Hotel.

The St. Lawrence Hall has long been regarded as the most popular and fashionable Hotel in Montreal, and is patronized by the Government on all public occasions, including that of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite, and that of His Excellency the Governor General and suite. During the past winter, the Hotel has been considerably enlarged, so that in future the Proprietor hopes to be able to accommodate comfortably all who may favor him with their patronage. All Rooms lighted by gas. The Consulate Office of the United States is in the Hotel, as well as Telegraph Office to all parts. The Proprietor begs to announce that having recently purchased the St. Lawrence Hall property, it is his intention next fall to pull down and rebuild it with all the modern improvements, including an Elevator ; thus making this Hotel second to none in the United States.

BARTLETT'S HOTEL.

This well-known house is pleasantly situated upon the portage between Round Lake and the Upper Saranac, and is on the regular route to Racquette, Long and other lakes, visited by pleasure seekers and sportsmen. This house is located in the vicinity of good hunting and fishing grounds. Guides and boats can always be furnished at this place to guests. Tents, camp equipage, blankets, kept on hand to let to parties, and stores of all kinds desirable to take into the Wilderness, can be procured at satisfactory rates. This house is located 12 miles above Martin's hotel, the terminus of the stage route. A line of four-horse stages has been placed upon the route, running from Point of Rocks Station on the Whitehall & Plattsburgh railroad. Transportation from Martin's is by boat. Through tickets by railroad and stage to Martin's, can be procured at all regular ticket offices, upon the lake Champlain steamers, and at Fouquet's Hotel, Plattsburgh, N. Y. Telegraph dispatches will be forwarded from the office at Martin's hotel with dispatch.

V. C. BARTLETT,
Proprietor.

SARANAC and ST. REGIS LAKES.

Mail Stages leave Keeseville and Au Sable River Station daily for Martin's, Bartlett's and St. Regis. Leave Keeseville at 6½ A. M. and Ausable River Station at 8½ A. M.

Returning, leave Saranac Lakes at 7 A. M., and connecting with the train at Ausable River Station at 4½ P. M.

Stages leave Ausable River Station Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Martin's and Bartlett's, via Whiteface Mountain, Wilmington Pass, North Elba and Lake Placid. Returning intermediate days.

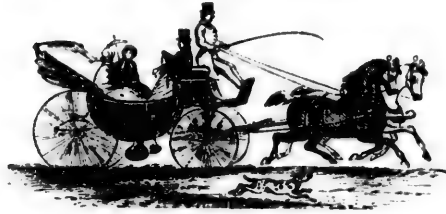
Passengers taken expeditiously and safely to any part of the country, and the guests of the AUSALE HOUSE can at all times be provided with a turn-out to visit the Chasm, and other natural curiosities and interesting scenery in the neighborhood.

☞ Teams always on hand to convey passengers to the Saranac Lakes and St. Regis, secured by letter or telegraph, and on terms that will be perfectly satisfactory.

☞ Livery Establishment, Stable and Barns at Ausable House, Keeseville, N. Y.

WILLIAM HARPER.

FULLER'S



LIVERY STABLE,

Two doors south of the Tremont House,

MAIN STREET, ST. ALBANS, VT.

Nothing but the best of stock in horses and carriages of all styles, kept at this establishment.

WM. & E. D. FULLER,
Proprietors.

STAGE COACHES

*Between Port Kent, Ausable Chasm and Keeseville,
and between Keeseville and Peru Station.*

The subscriber will run elegant carriages in connection with the steamers and trains. Extra carriages will at all times convey parties to and from the boat and cars, or Chasm, when requested by letter or telegram. His livery stable will at all hours supply horses and carriages, and he will be always prepared to furnish livery or freight teams, with superior conveyances and careful drivers to convey passengers in any direction.

R. H. FULLER.

Keeseville, N. Y.

HOWARD & CO., Photographers: VILAS' BANK BLOCK, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

Photographic views of all the places of interest on Lake Champlain, Lake George, Chazy and Saranac Lakes; also of Smith's at the St. Regis Lakes.

Portrait, Group and all the various styles of Portraiture of the day, in the highest style of the art.

HOWARD & CO.

MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY,

HUGH ALLEN, PRESIDENT.
JAMES DAKERS, SECRETARY.
CHARLES BOURNE, TREASURER. } Montreal,
P. Q.

H. P. DWIGHT, Gen. Supt., Toronto, Ont.

The Montreal Telegraph Company are now working over

Twelve Thousand Miles of Wire.

The same Company will, during the current year, erect seven hundred and sixty miles of Poles, nearly all for new extensions, into remote parts of the country, and some two thousand miles of new wires, opening at the same time nearly one thousand new offices.

During the past year this Company have extended their wires into the Wilderness of the Adirondacks, establishing offices at Paul Smith's, St. Regis Lakes; W. F. Martin's, Saranac Lakes; Milote Baker's, Bloomingdale, and Franklin Falls. It is expected during the coming season, that the wires will be extended to White Face Mountain, Wilmington, N. Y., and Lake Placid. This, with the wires now in operation to Elizabethtown, N. Y., and the Au Sable Chasm, at Keeseville, N. Y., completes the link of communication to all points of interest.

The offices at the Adirondacks work direct with all parts of the United States and Canadas, and enables tourists to be in daily communication with their friends. Parties visiting the Lakes can secure good accommodations and conveyances in advance by telegraphing either of the above houses.

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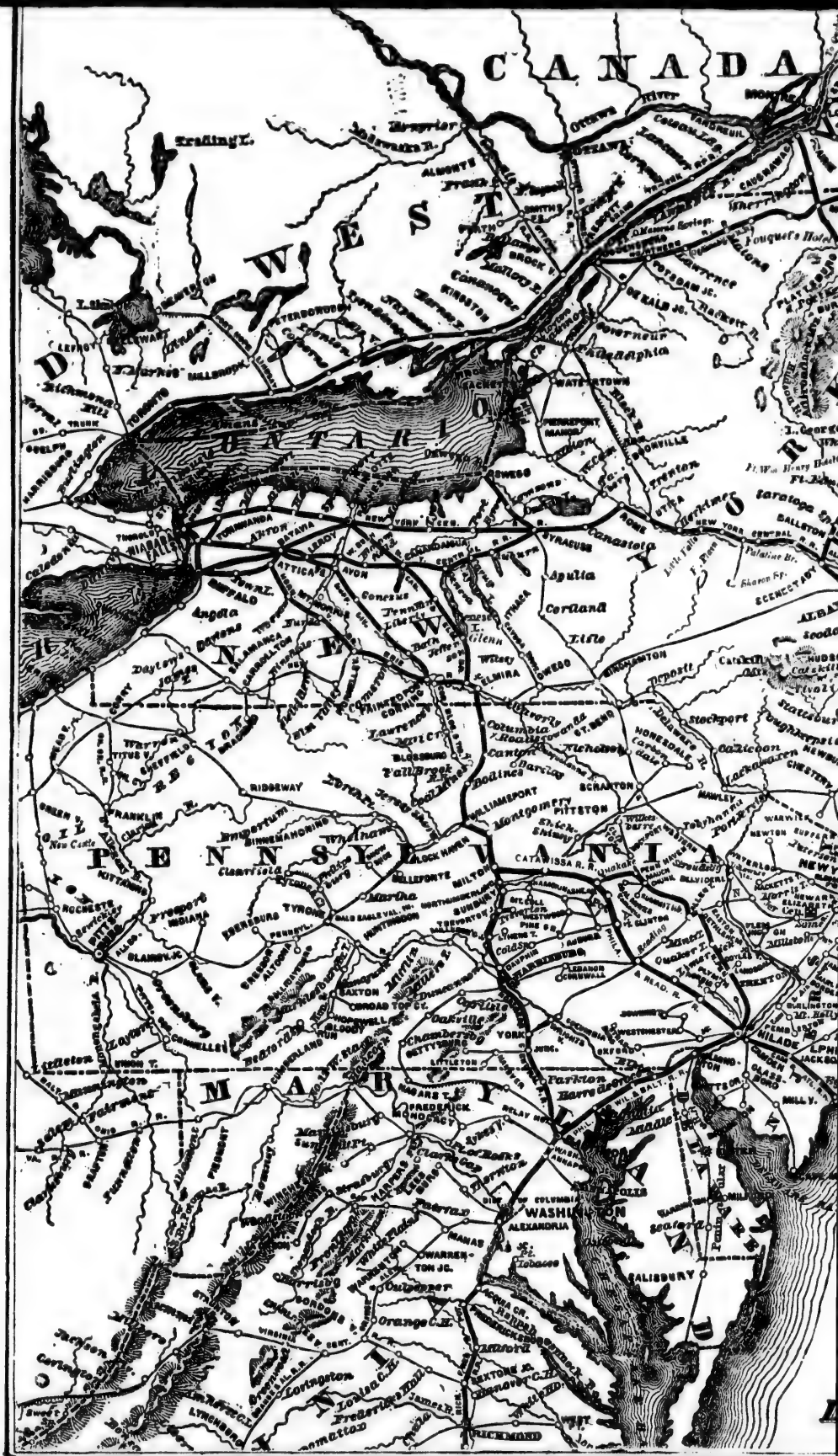
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All-Round Route Map.

EXCURSION ROUTES

VIA

NIAGARA FALLS,

Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec,

WHITE MOUNTAINS, PORTLAND,

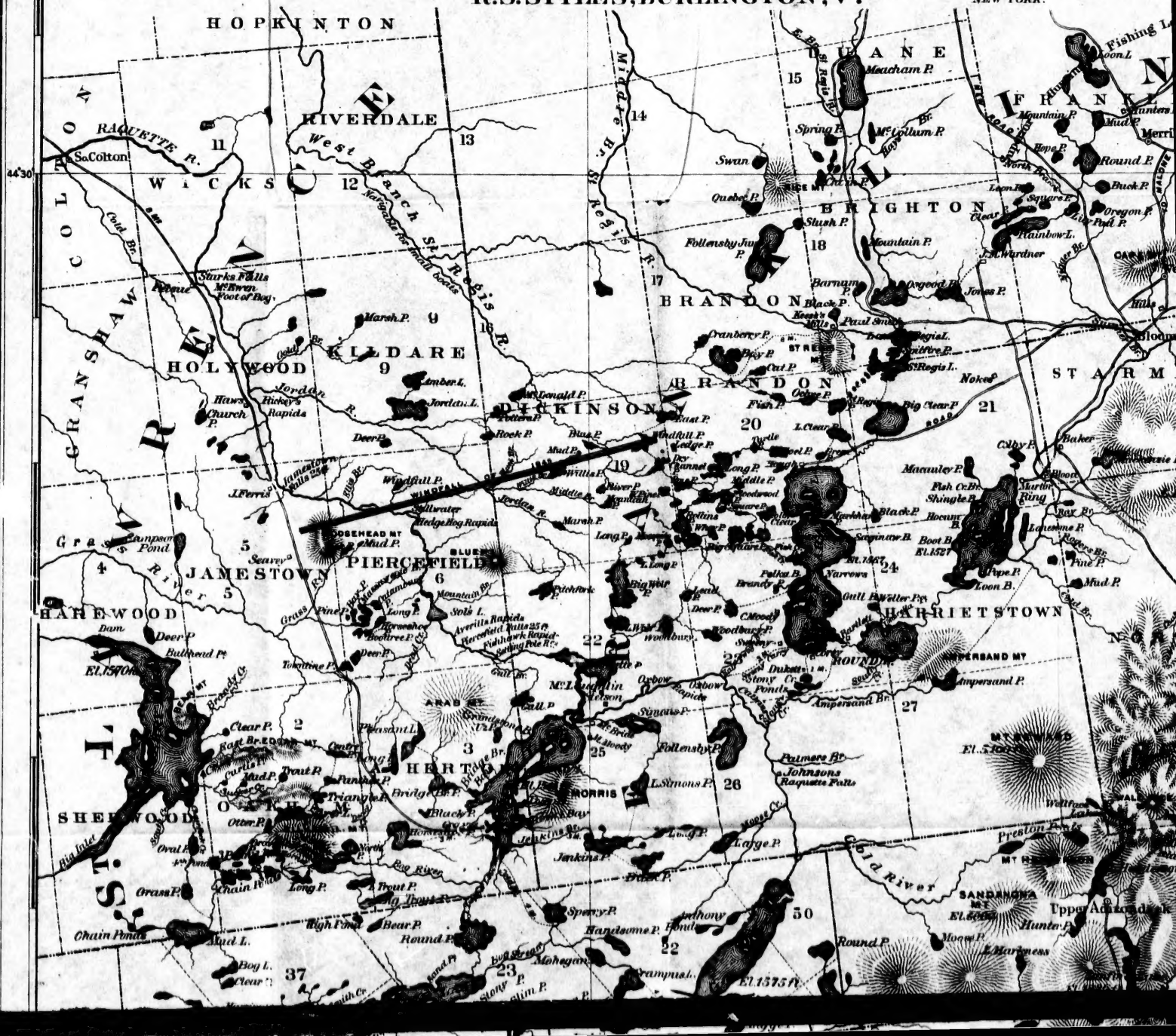
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, LAKE GEORGE, &C.

Map to accompany
A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL GUIDE
TO THE
VALLEY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN
AND
THE ADIRONDACKS.

MAP CONSTRUCTED BY
W. W. KLY M.D.

TOURISTS' EDITION.
R.S. STYLES, BURLINGTON, VT

ENGRAVED & PRINTED BY
G.W. & C.B. COLTON & CO
NEW YORK.



3°

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2°30'

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NEW YORK.

